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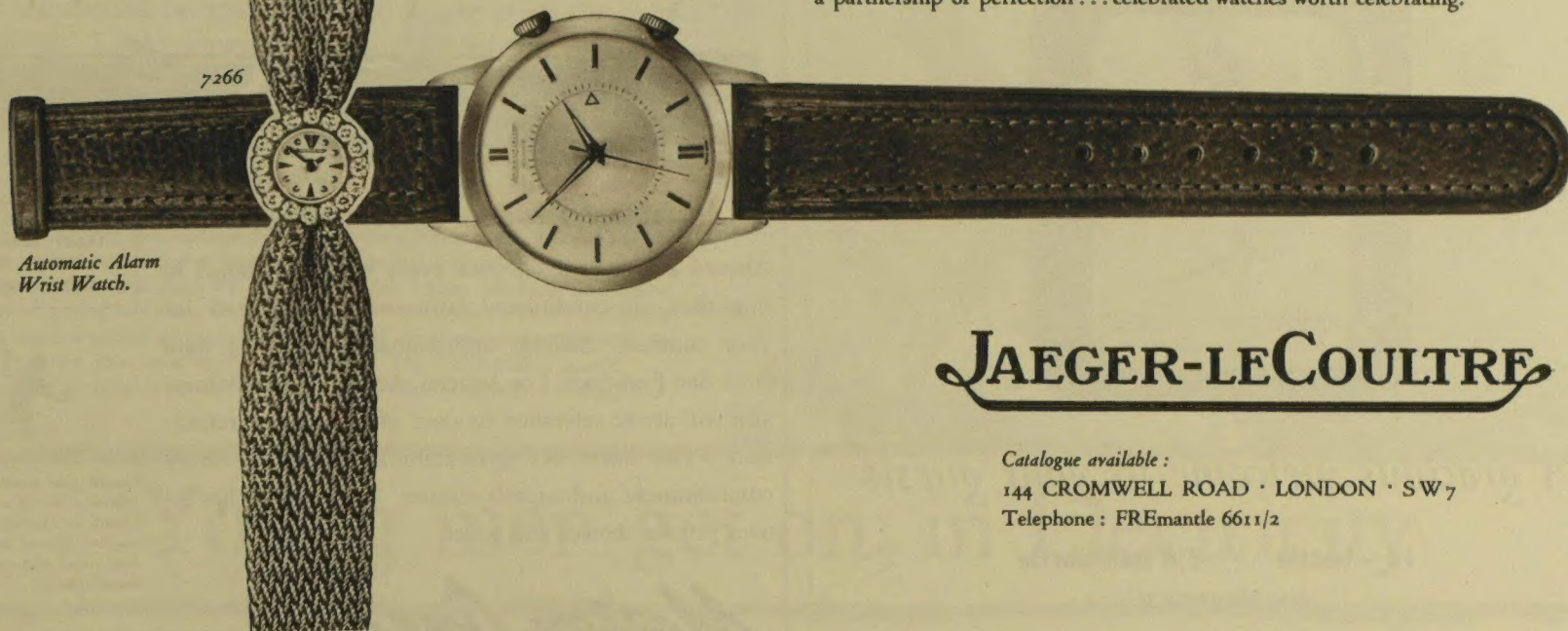
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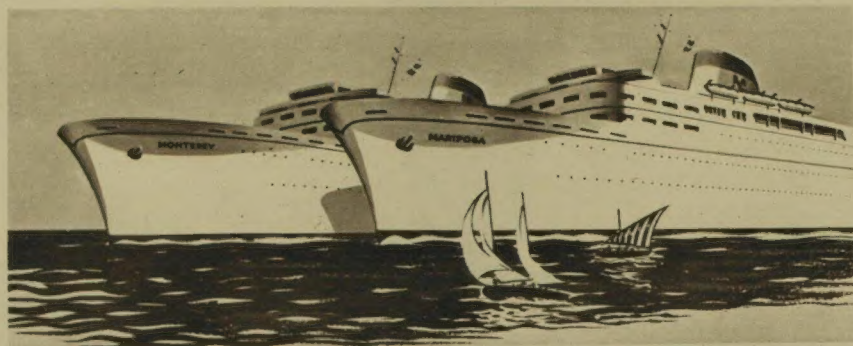
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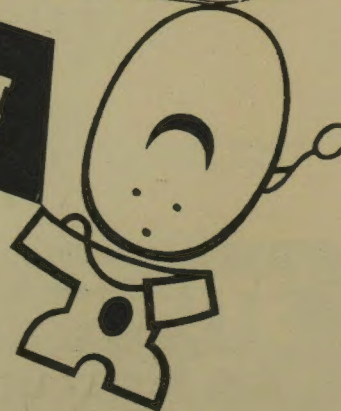
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WHATEVER OUTWARD ASPECT a ship may bear, its underlying strength depends on a well constructed hull. At Vickers yards today, this structure is practically all welded and grows from the building berth as one giant fabricated section after another is skilfully manoeuvred into position. As unit is welded to unit, strength is piled on strength, until the hull is a match for the sea's might. Time

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1958.



THE EAST-TO-WEST FLIGHT: PASSENGERS ENTERING THE COMET 4 G-APDC AT LONDON AIRPORT BEFORE LEAVING FOR NEW YORK.



THE RECORD-BREAKING WEST-TO-EAST FLIGHT: G-APDB AFTER FLYING SOME 3500 MILES IN 6 HRS. 7 MINS. AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 580 M.P.H.

## THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC JET AIRLINER SERVICE: THE TWO COMET 4s WHICH MADE THE INAUGURAL FLIGHTS.

On October 4 two de Havilland Comet 4s of British Overseas Airways Corporation began the first jet airliner service across the Atlantic, thus finally putting an end to the speculation as to whether it would be the Comet or the American Boeing 707 which would be the first to go into service on this route. The Comet G-APDB won further laurels for B.O.A.C. by setting up a new record for airliners on the west-east flight, crossing from New York to London in six hours and seven minutes, airport to airport time. (This was 9 minutes below the previous record, set up by a Comet

on a recent proving flight.) The record-breaking Comet carried a crew of eight, commanded by Captain T. B. Stoney, and forty passengers, among whom was Mr. Basil Smallpeice, B.O.A.C.'s Managing Director. The Comet on the east-west flight, G-APDC, flying via Gander, Newfoundland, against the winds which helped its sister aircraft to set up a record, took over ten hours to reach New York, where, however, it received a sporting welcome from a crowd of American spectators at the airport. On board was Sir Gerard d'Erlanger, Chairman of B.O.A.C.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

STATESMANSHIP is the art of achieving the possible with the means available. Politics, too often, is the art of proposing or promising the impossible in order to satisfy or please somebody. On the whole, under a parliamentary constitution like ours, statesmanship tends to be the concern of the Government of the day which, if the nation is not to shipwreck, has to practise or at least essay it, while politics, *par excellence*, is the preserve of the Opposition which—until it attains power—is in the happy position of being able to criticise the national policy without being responsible for its success. This may seem a rather cynical view, but a two-Party system almost inevitably works this way, and, so long as the struggle for Parliamentary power and electoral favour exists—and it is the very essence of democracy—it is hard to see how it can be otherwise.

A good example of this process was seen—or rather heard—the other day at the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough. The Government had been presented by Britain's principal ally with an exquisite dilemma. With that curious occasional naïvety in world affairs that distinguishes them both and which would seem to stem from some fundamental innocence in the American soul, the President and Foreign Secretary of the United States had placed their country in the position of having, under certain circumstances, to go to war to prevent the Chinese nation from occupying two small Chinese islands a few miles from the Chinese coast that are both tactically indefensible and strategically useless. As such a war could plunge ourselves and the whole globe into the greatest human disaster of all time and as the British Government is closely allied to the American, this afforded Her Majesty's Opposition a most tempting stick with which to beat Her Majesty's Ministers. Politicians seldom resist this kind of temptation, and at the Scarborough Conference the Leader of the Opposition, rather like an old-time Punch belabouring his Judy, seized it with both hands. As one read his rousing oration one could almost hear the whacks of the stick on Judy's, or rather Mr. Macmillan's, wooden back and the raucous, nasal cries of her triumphant lord and master. "We cannot and will not be a party to a war designed to maintain the hold of the puppet dictator Chiang Kai-shek on an offshore island in China. (Applause.) But it is not enough to say that we will take no part in this thing. We have the tremendously important duty to perform of preventing what is really the tail end of a civil war becoming the beginning of a third world war. The British Government, in the deathly silence which has surrounded their attitude during the last few weeks, have allowed through the mouth of their Prime Minister one comment only to escape from their lips. They say they are against the use of force. I cannot refrain from saying that I find it slightly nauseating that Mr. Macmillan, one of the leading figures in the Suez adventure, should now be talking about being against the use of force. I find such hypocrisy almost intolerable from a man who only a few weeks ago was defending the dispatch of British troops to Jordan." Whereupon, it seems, the Conference, in that exciting moment, politicians to a man, rose and unanimously passed the following resolution.

This Conference, gravely concerned at the highly dangerous situation in the Far East, declares that Great Britain should neither participate in nor support a war to defend Quemoy. It calls upon Her Majesty's Government:—

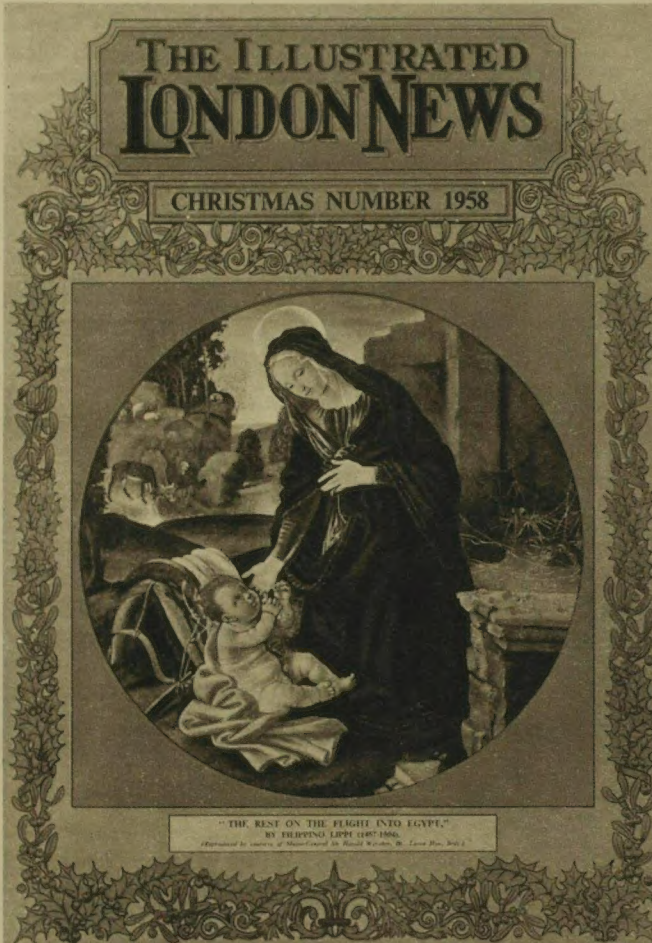
To press vigorously for a peaceful solution of the immediate conflict through the evacuation of the offshore islands by the Chinese Nationalist forces;

To propose that China's seat in the United Nations should go to the Chinese People's Republic;

To urge negotiations whereby Formosa should be placed temporarily under United Nations administration, so that in due course the Formosan people may decide their own destiny.\*

On the face of it, begging the irrelevance of dragging in Suez and Jordan, this all sounds eminently reasonable and was so meant to sound. Yet, in fact, as any man who may within a year find himself sitting on the Government Front

ANNOUNCING THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



TO BE PUBLISHED ON NOVEMBER 14: THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." A MONOCHROME REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER, WITH, INSET, A DELIGHTFUL FILIPPINO LIPPI ROUNDEL OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

As our Christmas Number is so often sent to friends and relations in distant countries overseas, we give below a list of some of the latest dates for posting if the present is to arrive in time for Christmas. It will be available in this country at all the principal newsagents and book-stalls on November 14, price 4s., or may be ordered direct from the Publisher (Dept. EN.), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2, 4s. 6d. post free. As the latest date for posting overseas is in many cases earlier than publication date, orders may be given now to your usual supplier, or to the Publisher, and copies will be sent direct to your overseas friends in time to reach them for Christmas. A few of the latest parcel posting dates are: Australia, Western, Oct. 30, remainder, Oct. 27; Eastern Canada, Nov. 22, Western Canada, Nov. 17; Cyprus, Nov. 13; India, Nov. 6; Jamaica, Nov. 15; Kenya and Uganda, Oct. 30; New Zealand, Oct. 28; Pakistan, Nov. 3; Singapore, Nov. 8; South Africa, Nov. 12; Tanganyika, Oct. 24; U.S.—New York City, Nov. 22, Eastern States, Nov. 19, Western States, Nov. 13.

Bench knows, it is both misleading and highly unrealistic. The British nation is not only allied to the United States; it is dependent on the United States. Whether we like it or not—and many of us don't—in the event of a world war only one thing can save this country from annihilation: the weapons and military preparedness of the American Fighting Forces. Except in the through-the-looking-glass world of our own Welfare State, beggars cannot be choosers. Unless and until we are prepared to arm ourselves with the same weapons and the same degree of preparedness, we are dependent in the last resort on American aid; we rely on the Americans to stand by us and,

as an inevitable corollary, we must stand in an emergency by them. To imagine anything else is both dishonourable and suicidal. And the Labour Party's Resolution and its Leader's measured words, however electorally damaging to the rival Conservative Party, can only result, if they have any effect on international relations at all, in aggravating and precipitating the very emergency which it should be the hope and intent of every sane man, and certainly of every sane Briton, to avoid. For the United States having placed herself and the Free World in her present unfortunate, uncomfortable and ostensibly absurd position, it is essential for the safety of those who depend for their freedom on her strength—and what nation that values freedom does not?—that she should be enabled to withdraw from that position without encouraging still further the growing belief of the Communist dictators that they can achieve anything they want, in the outer world as well as in their own dragooned countries and conquered dependencies, by the threat and use of force. It is this, and not the inept diplomacy and lack of strategic foresight of Mr. Dulles and President Eisenhower that constitutes the threat to the world's peace and safety. It is not the Americans or even the Chinese Nationalists who are using force to obtain their objectives and enslave men against their will, but the Chinese Communists. That is the hard fact of reality that the political fireworks of Scarborough cast into the shade and tend to make us forget. There is no threat to anyone's peace from President Eisenhower or Mr. Dulles; but there is a very real threat, now as in the past, from Chou En-lai and Mr. Khrushchev. No one knows that better than the Leader of the British Opposition who has had the privilege of witnessing the latter's anger and hectoring ways at first hand.

In short, whether there is a real likelihood of war at the present time depends on one thing and one thing only—the will of the all-powerful military dictators of Russia and China. If they want a world war, there will be a world war whatever Mr. Dulles says or does, and whatever the destructiveness and effect on the human future of the atomic weapon. And judging by their past, and that of other and earlier dictators like them, the best hope of averting war is to make them realise before it is too late that, in the face of unity and strength on the part of the upholders of human freedom, force will never succeed. That was why Harry Truman did the world so great a service on the day he stood firm over the Communist invasion of southern Korea. It is in this very fact that the unwisdom of recent American policy over the Chinese inshore islands lies, for the problem there—as ought to have been foreseen—lies in the geographical difficulty of defending them at all with ordinary weapons against a mainland aggressor. The real issue of the hour is whether the United States can be allowed to withdraw from an untenable position without, by yielding to violence, encouraging the protagonists of violence to employ violence elsewhere. For if she does so, the tide of triumphant force will not halt on the rocky shores of Quemoy. That issue lies in the hands of the dictators who, taking advantage of America's tactical blunder, have unleashed force and who, only by now leashing it, can allow America to rectify that blunder without opening the floodgates to new and far more dangerous aggressions. The political gestures of Scarborough will scarcely have made them more likely to be ready to do so. Where issues of war and peace are concerned, politics, as opposed to statesmanship, can be very dangerous.

\* The Times, September 30, 1958.





THE LARGEST TANKER TO BE LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE: THE BP TANKER CO.'S *BRITISH DUCHESS* DURING TRIALS OFF THE ISLE OF ARRAN.

The *British Duchess*, a tanker of some 42,000 tons deadweight and 710 ft. in length, is the largest tanker to have been launched on the Clyde, where she was built by John Brown and Co. (Clydebank), and is shortly to join the British Petroleum Co.'s fleet of nearly 150 tankers.

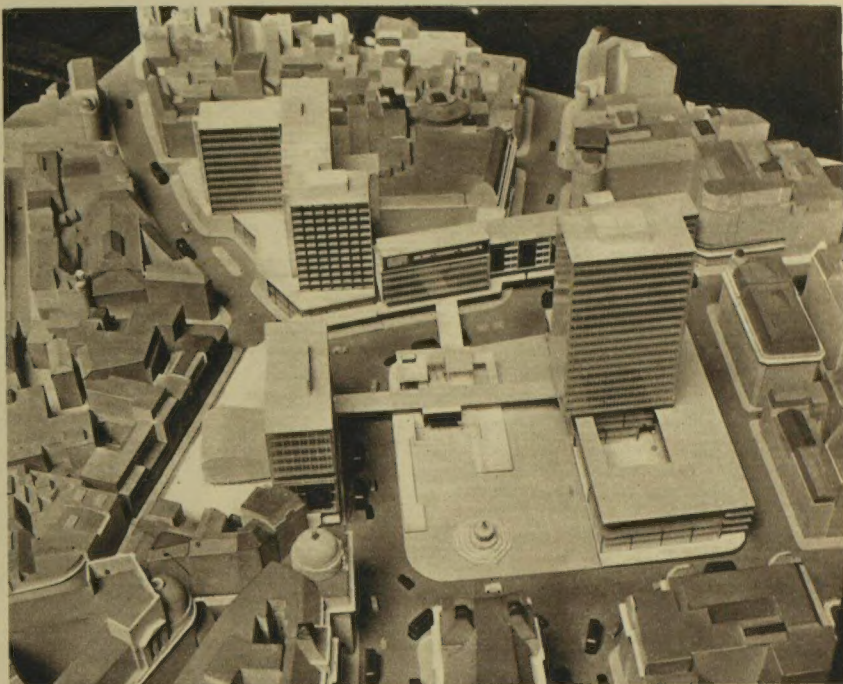


(Left.) THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, U.S.A. (IN RAIN-COAT), AFTER UNVEILING A STATUE OF THE RED INDIAN PRINCESS, POCAHONTAS, AT GRAVESEND, KENT.

A statue of Pocahontas—the gift of the people of Virginia—was unveiled at Gravesend, Kent, on October 5. British settlers in the State were aided by Pocahontas, who became a Christian, married an Englishman, and in 1617 was buried at Gravesend. Two of her descendants attended the unveiling.

(Right.) TO BE RESTORED: MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE, CORNWALL. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE. Mount Edgcumbe House, a sixteenth-century building near Devonport and formerly the seat of the Earls of Edgcumbe, was destroyed by enemy action in 1941 and is now to be restored. The restored house is to be smaller than the original.

## IN GREAT BRITAIN AND ITALY: HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.



A MODEL, RECENTLY ON VIEW, SHOWING A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SCHEME FOR THE REDEVELOPMENT OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

A model of a possible Piccadilly Circus of the future was exhibited recently at a Ministry of Housing and Local Government inquiry in London. Above, the Eros pedestal—near the beginning of Regent Street (left) and Piccadilly (right)—is seen among the many modern buildings proposed.



(Right.) THE POPE, WHO WAS REPORTED CRITICALLY ILL ON OCTOBER 6, MEETING MEMBERS OF A PLASTIC SURGERY CONGRESS SHORTLY BEFORE HIS ILLNESS.

Early on October 6 it was announced that the Pope, who was staying at his summer residence in Castel Gandolfo, had been stricken by cerebral circulatory disturbances, for which urgent curative measures had been taken. The attack had occurred after the hiccupping, which had been troubling him for several days, had disappeared. A further announcement during the day stated that there had been some improvement in the Pope's condition. While further news was awaited special prayers were being offered in Roman Catholic churches in many parts of the world for the Pope's recovery. His Holiness, aged eighty-two, four years ago suffered a serious illness, which was also accompanied by severe hiccupping. His recent attack was believed to have left him partially paralysed. The announcements about his health were signed by eminent doctors.





## AT BRUSSELS, BRUGES, WATERLOO AND CIERGNON: INCIDENTS IN PRINCESS



THE PRINCESS'S ARRIVAL IN BELGIUM: PRINCESS MARGARET IS GREETED BY PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE OF LIÈGE, AT MELSBRÖEK AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 29.



IN BELGIQUE JOYEUSE ("GAY BELGIUM") AT THE BRUSSELS FAIR: PRINCESS MARGARET, DURING THE FIRST VISIT, WHICH SHE PAID LATE ON THE DAY OF HER ARRIVAL.



A DOUQUET FOR THE PRINCESS: H.R.H. RECEIVING SOME FLOWERS FROM A HOSTESS AT THE CZECHOSLOVAK PAVILION DURING HER VISIT TO THE FAIR ON OCTOBER 1.



IN THE BRITANNIA INN, IN THE BRITISH SECTION, WHERE SHE HAD LUNCHEON ON SEPTEMBER 29: PRINCESS MARGARET AMONG THE STAFF OF THIS PLEASING FEATURE.



WITH THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER AND A UNIFORMED CANADIAN GUIDE AND (BEHIND) A "MOUNTIE" PRINCESS MARGARET ASCENDING THE SUSPENDED STAIRWAY IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION.



AT CIERGNON, WHERE SHE DINED WITH THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY: (L. TO R.) PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCESS LILIANE, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, AND KING BAUDOUIN.



THE PRINCESS FINGERS A BOLT OF HIGH-QUALITY WOOLEN MATERIAL IN THE EXHIBIT OF THE NATIONAL WOOL TEXTILE EXPORT CORPORATION AT BRUSSELS.



TRAVELLING IN ONE OF THE CABLE CARS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE BRUSSELS FAIR. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE GREAT GLOBES OF THE ATOMIUM.

On September 29 H.R.H. Princess Margaret flew to Brussels in a *Heron* of the Queen's Flight and was met at the airport by Prince Albert, Prince of Liège, the younger brother of King Baudouin, and the British Ambassador. After calling on Queen Elisabeth, the King's grandmother, she dined with Baron Moens de Fernig, the Commissioner-General, at the Exhibition, and paid a

late visit to *Belgique Joyeuse*, which is a reproduction of typical old houses and inns, and is mainly occupied by cafés and cabarets. On September 30 she visited the Atomium and the British Government and Industries sections before lunching at the Britannia Inn. In the afternoon she visited the Canadian and Belgian Congo pavilions. In the evening there was a dinner and dance at

## MARGARET'S INFORMAL VISIT TO BELGIUM.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE CZECH PAVILION, WHICH IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT IN THE EXHIBITION, AND WHICH SHE VISITED ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 1, BEFORE GOING TO WATERLOO.



IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRY PAVILION AT THE BRUSSELS FAIR: PRINCESS MARGARET STUDYING A MODEL EXHIBIT ILLUSTRATING THE SUBJECT OF IRON AND STEEL.



RAIN WAS RATHER FREQUENT DURING THE PRINCESS'S VISIT: AND HERE SHE ACCEPTS AN UMBRELLA DURING HER VISIT TO BRUGES.



PRINCESS MARGARET STROLLING THROUGH THE ANCIENT CITY OF BRUGES, WHICH SHE VISITED ON OCTOBER 2. IN BRUGES SHE WAS NEARLY KNOCKED DOWN BY A CAR IN AN ACCIDENT AND ONLY ESCAPED INJURY BY HER OWN AGILITY.

the British Embassy, at which Prince Albert was a guest. On October 1 she visited the U.S. and Czech pavilions and, after visiting the field of Waterloo, drove to Ciergnon, in the Ardennes, where she was the guest for dinner of King Baudouin, Princess Liliane, the second wife of King Leopold, and Prince Albert. King Leopold, who is in Paris, was unable to be present. On October 2



BELOW THE LION STATUE OF THE MEMORIAL ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR GEORGE LABOUCHERE.



IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRY SECTION: THE PRINCESS IS HERE LISTENING TO AN EXPLANATION AT THE COURTAULDS' STAND.



AT THE DINNER AND DANCE AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY ON SEPTEMBER 30: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE OF LIÈGE. ABOVE HER ON THE STAIR IS THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR GEORGE LABOUCHERE.

Princess Margaret paid a visit to Bruges and it was here that only her own agility saved her from being knocked down by a woman driver. She was much impressed with Bruges and told the Burgomaster she hoped it would remain as it is now. The Princess returned to London on October 3 and the following day was confined to the house with a slight cold.



"REGIMENTAL FIRE!" in the Honourable Artillery Company has been saddled by the over-imaginative with esoteric origins, sometimes even ascribed to the black arts. It is an interesting custom, but has nothing secret or shady about it, being, in fact, a stylised version of the lighting and throwing of a grenade, which is used as a salute. It is a suitable title for what is primarily an artillery narrative in a war in which sudden concentrations of regimental fire were much in vogue.\* In the First World War the Company's history was more an infantry than an artillery narrative, but the mistake of sending into battle a battalion composed as to probably over 90 per cent. of "officer material" was avoided this time.

At one moment it looked as though the authorities might go further and use the Company wholly as a provider of officers, through artillery and infantry O.C.T.U.s. The Army would still have profited, but one cannot help feeling that the effect on the Company would have been depressing, then and in retrospect. So by great exertions a compromise was effected. The artillery was given a combatant rôle but at the same time drawn upon for officers, whereas the infantry became an O.C.T.U. pure and simple. This meant that the rank and file of the artillery regiments was heavily drawn upon for commissioning, in one case almost completely changed over, before they went into action.

Needless to say, the Infantry Battalion of the H.A.C. was saddened by the loss of its identity as a fighting unit. It might possibly have been treated as the gunners were, but, of course, no one knew at the beginning of the war how long the greater part of the Army was destined to remain at home. The dispassionate outsider examining the record and knowing something of the traditions of the H.A.C. must conclude that the greatest service it performed in the service of the country was the provision of officers. The Company certainly attracts a fine type. There is, however, little to be written about the training of officers and their dispatch to fighting units, except to record their numbers—some 4000 in this case—and their decorations. Five reached the rank of Brigadier and over 150 that of Lieut.-Colonel. So the Infantry Battalion has to be content with the record of the officers it produced.

What we have here is, first of all, the war history of the 11th, 12th and 13th Regiments—the title in each case being in full, "(H.A.C.) Regiment Royal Horse Artillery." Next comes a heavy anti-aircraft regiment, the 86th, and two heavy anti-aircraft batteries. Finally, there are National Defence Companies, the H.A.C. Division of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary, and the Cadet Battalion. The 12th Regiment was budded off from the 11th; they came together in the 6th Armoured Division in the last stages of the campaign in Tunisia; and after fighting separately in Italy the 11th absorbed the 12th. The 13th Regiment was created by officers and other ranks from the 11th. The 86th Heavy A.A. Regiment and the detached 275 Battery fought the Luftwaffe at home but ended in North-West Europe. North Africa, Sicily, Italy and North-West Europe provide the battle honours. 446 Heavy A.A. Battery did not serve abroad.

\* "Regimental Fire!: The Honourable Artillery Company in World War II." By Brigadier R. F. Johnson. (Published by H.A.C.; 30s.)

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### REGIMENTAL FIRE!

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The 11th Regiment went through a grim apprenticeship in the Libyan Desert. It began by being split up into the "Jock Columns" for some time in vogue there. These tactics come under the criticism of the author; they were certainly a poor man's tactics, but then, the Desert Army of those days played the rôle of poor man after the



IN THE THICK OF THE WESTERN DESERT FIGHTING DURING THE SUMMER OF 1942: GENERAL AUCHINLECK AND MAJOR G. R. ARMSTRONG. GENERAL AUCHINLECK IS SAYING, "DO THEY LOOK LIKE A BEATEN ARMY TO YOU?"



GOOD-BYE TO LONDON. THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY BATTALION ON THEIR WAY TO BULFORD TO BECOME 162 (H.A.C.) OFFICER CADET TRAINING UNIT.

Reproduced from "Regimental Fire!" by courtesy of the Honourable Artillery Company.

arrival of the highly-equipped Germans. The narrative is more spirited than in most regimental histories and is to be praised for its clarity. It never fails to sketch in the outline of the campaign and the ideas of the commanders, but it does this without lingering too long in the realms of strategy or forgetting that this is a regimental story. The balance is faithfully kept.

A good example is the account of the fighting for the Gazala Line and round Knightsbridge in which the 11th played a magnificent part. Most of us have looked on it from above more often than from below. From both aspects the errors are patent, but the touch-and-go nature of the battle comes out the more clearly from below. One of the most remarkable incidents is that in which F Battery, 12th Regiment, was engaged at Thala, after the German breakthrough at Kasserine, in Tunisia. In black darkness,

Tanks were still groping their way home from the battle; but Ainslie suspected this particular one. As he crept forward to reconnoitre, he heard German voices. Back in the gun position a quick plan was made: Captain John Pirie would fire a Verey light, Sergeant Ainslie would lay his gun on the tank, Lieut. John Bagnall, with a Bren, would prevent any German from showing his head.

The first Verey light misfired. The second lit the tank in its flickering glow and a moment later Ainslie had scored a direct hit with his first shot, following it with another to knock out the second tank which had crept up behind. A third tank broke off from the road. . . . Sergeant J. C. Lawrie, taking cover with his detachment in half-dug slit trenches, saw the silhouette of a tank passing across the front of his gun position. He jumped up, laid, loaded and fired his gun himself and knocked the tank out.

Three rounds can seldom have exercised such influence on a battle.

The 13th Regiment went straight into the fight for Caen, in Normandy, and then distinguished itself in the Bocage. The 86th Heavy A.A. Regiment did not confine itself to shooting at aircraft but took on any rôle that was going. Perhaps its most valuable work was done in defence of Antwerp and Brussels against the V.1's. Between November 1 and March 14 it shot down 78, only one of which landed in its midst. Here it fought under American command and side by side with American and Polish gunners. Fortunately, the V.2's, against which there was nothing the A.A. gunners could do, were few by comparison with the V.1's, but there seems no doubt that the Germans could have put the only first-class port out of action but for the skill and quick improvisation with which they were met.

I find I have said nothing about Sicily or even Italy, both of which and especially the second would provide interesting and exciting episodes. The H.A.C. has a tradition of looking after its records which must make the task of its historian

rather less difficult than is commonly the case. The 11th Regiment, in fact, brought out its own history some time ago. At the same time, Brigadier Johnson is to be congratulated on his achievement. Having read a multitude of regimental histories, besides writing two, I know that they can set me yawning, and if I, an addict, am thus afflicted by my favourite subject the level of interest must be low. I have not yawned over this book.

The Honourable Artillery Company is only one example of how haphazardly the institutions of this country may develop and how successfully some of them at least can be moulded to meet demands differing from those in answer to which they were founded. It has played a double rôle in two great wars—for even in the first it found large numbers of officers for other units. It clings to ancient memories and customs, but it is up to date when it goes to war, either with the 13-pdrs. of 1914 or with self-propelled guns. By attracting to itself men of education it has proved itself a highly valuable element in the British forces.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**FRANCE.** AT THE OPENING OF THE FORTY-FIFTH SALON DE L'AUTOMOBILE IN PARIS: CROWDS INSPECTING SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

The forty-fifth *Salon de l'Automobile* opened in Paris on October 2. Several 1959 American models were exhibited for the first time in Europe and Britain provided many of the other models new to Paris. British cars achieved considerable success.



**ALGERIA.** ARRIVING IN ALGIERS DURING HIS VISIT FOLLOWING THE REFERENDUM: GENERAL DE GAULLE ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS.

General de Gaulle arrived in Algiers on October 2, having passed through the two Algerian towns of Tiaret and Orléansville, during his short visit to Algeria after the recent Referendum. In Tiaret he said the future for France and Algeria together was one of fraternity, thus disappointing some of the European population who hoped for complete integration of France and Algeria. In Constantine on October 3 he announced a five-year plan for improving the standard of life in Algeria.



**U.S.A.** A THICK METAL GIRDER BEFORE (A), DURING (B) AND AFTER (C) TREATMENT IN THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW SOLAR FURNACE IN WHICH TEMPERATURES OF NEARLY 5000 DEG. F. HAVE BEEN SUSTAINED.



**EGYPT. MOROCCO AND TUNISIA JOIN THE ARAB LEAGUE:** THE MEETING AT CAIRO AT WHICH THEIR APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP WERE ACCEPTED.

Applications from Morocco and Tunisia to become members of the Arab League were accepted by the Arab League Council in Cairo on October 1. The organisation now numbers ten states. Abdel Khalek el Torissy, the Moroccan representative at the Council meeting, is seen above seated second from the right.



**WEST GERMANY.** THE SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE THIRTEENTH INTERNATIONAL CHESS OLYMPICS, ORGANISED BY THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS FEDERATION AND ATTENDED BY TEAMS FROM THIRTY-TWO COUNTRIES, IN MUNICH ON OCTOBER 1.



**U.S.A.** THE U.S. ARMY'S SOLAR FURNACE, SHOWING THE 40 BY 36 FT. HELIOSTAT (RIGHT) AND THE CONCENTRATOR (LEFT).

The United States Army's new solar furnace has produced sustained temperatures of nearly 5000 degs. Fahrenheit and has been used for various heat tests, one of which is illustrated to the left. The furnace consists of a heliostat, with 355 mirrors, and a concentrator, with 180 concave mirrors, which direct the sun's rays to the centre of the furnace.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THE COMMISSIONING OF U.S.S. SARGO ON OCT. 1. SHE IS THE FIRST NUCLEAR POWERED SUBMARINE TO BE BUILT ON THE WEST COAST. *Sargo* is one of two medium-sized atomic (nuclear) powered submarines which were laid down in 1956, the other being *Seadragon*. *Sargo*, which displaces 2310 tons light, against *Nautilus*' 2980 tons, was launched in October last year. A third nuclear submarine, *Skipjack*, also laid down in 1956, will have a new type of hull.



QUEMOY. LANDING ON QUEMOY'S ONLY AIRSTRIP, BEFORE THE WEEK'S CEASE-FIRE WHICH THE PEKING GOVERNMENT ORDERED ON OCTOBER 6. PREVIOUSLY, IT IS STATED, A BARRAGE FROM THE MAINLAND BEGAN AS SOON AS ANY AIRCRAFT WAS SEEN LANDING.



YUGOSLAVIA. RESCUE WORKERS EMERGING FROM THE MINE AT PODVIS, WHERE, FOLLOWING AN EXPLOSION, SOME SIXTY MINERS WERE KILLED ON OCTOBER 1. At Podvis, in eastern Serbia, near the Bulgarian border, on October 1, a transformer caught fire, caused an oil tank to explode and trapped some 188 coal-miners in the pit. Despite constant rescue activity, some sixty miners were killed, and on October 3 only two were unaccounted for. Many were injured.



ETEL, FRANCE. DR. BOMBARD (CENTRE), THE FAMOUS SEA-SURVIVAL EXPERIMENTER, AND SOME COMPANIONS IN A RUBBER BOAT, WHICH LED TO DISASTER ON OCTOBER 3. During the testing of a new type of inflatable boat by crossing the Etel bar (near Lorient) in rough weather, eight of Dr. Bombard's companions (in the boat and an accompanying lifeboat) were drowned when both vessels capsized, the lifeboat's engine failing. There were five survivors, including Dr. Bombard.



TENNESSEE, U.S.A. THE WRECKAGE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CLINTON, AFTER THREE EXPLOSIONS BELIEVED TO BE CAUSED BY OPPONENTS OF RACIAL INTEGRATION IN SCHOOLS.

Before dawn on October 5 three dynamite explosions did extensive damage to the High School at Clinton, and it will be some time before classes can be resumed. Clinton was the scene of race violence in 1956 over the admission of Negro pupils, who were, however, subsequently admitted, and have since continued to be pupils in the school.



GUINEA. THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW REPUBLIC BY THE PREMIER (STANDING), M. SEKOU TOURE. RIGHT, THE PRESIDENT OF ASSEMBLY.

On October 2 Guinea, the only French territory to say "No" to the French referendum, proclaimed itself a republic at Conakry. It is believed that the republic may seek a new link with France, and the Premier has called independence "an era of courage and hard work," rather than rejoicing.



CYPRUS. MAJOR-GENERAL KENDREW AT THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF HIS ESCORT, LANCE-CORPORAL BELL, WHO PERISHED IN THE EOKA AMBUSH INTENDED FOR THE GENERAL.

On September 26 an electrically-detonated large mine blew up just behind the vehicle in which Major-General D. A. Kendrew, Director of anti-terrorist operations in Cyprus, was travelling. The explosion blew up the escorting car behind and Lance-Corporal Bell later died of his injuries. Two others were injured. The mine was among the largest yet used by the terrorists.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**FRANCE.** AN ANCIENT CASTLE FOR A MODERN ARTIST: THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHATEAU AT VAUVENARGUES WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT BY PICASSO.

The chateau at Vauvenargues, about nine miles to the east of Aix-en-Provence, has been acquired by Pablo Picasso, who hopes shortly to settle there. The chateau was the home of the noted 18th-century moralist and writer, Luc de Clapiers, Marquis de Vauvenargues.



**U.S.A.** IN STRIKING CONTRAST WITH PICASSO'S NEW HOME: A NEW MEMORIAL CULTURE CENTRE AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

As a memorial to those who lost their lives in the Second World War and the Korean War the town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has erected a modern-style Culture Centre, which is designed for the holding of art exhibitions, and musical and theatrical performances.



**QUEMOY.** WOUNDED CHINESE CIVILIANS, YOUNG AND OLD, ARE HERDED INTO AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER DURING THE RECENT COMMUNIST SHELLING OF QUEMOY. THE MOST SERIOUSLY INJURED PEOPLE ARE KEPT PERMANENTLY IN THIS SHELTER.



**FORMOSA.** GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF NATIONALIST CHINA, CONFERS WITH ADMIRAL HARRY D. FELT, OF THE UNITED STATES (CENTRE), ABOUT THE QUEMOY CRISIS.

This conference took place recently at President Chiang Kai-shek's office in the Ministry of Defence building at Taipei, Formosa. Admiral Felt commands all American military forces from Pearl Harbour to the underground concrete bunker where U.S. advisers live on Quemoy Island.



**FRENCH GUINEA.** THE TERRITORY THAT SAID "NO" TO GENERAL DE GAULLE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PORT AND CAPITAL OF WHAT WAS FRENCH GUINEA.

Algeria and French territories overseas have given an overwhelming "yes" to General de Gaulle's constitutional proposals, with the exception of French Guinea, lying on the west coast of Africa between Sierra Leone and Portuguese Guinea. Here the vote was an overwhelming "no," and since such a vote automatically meant independence, the links with France are now officially severed.



**PARIS.** A MAN WITH MUCH ON HIS MIND: GENERAL DE GAULLE ARRIVING AT THE ELYSEE ON OCTOBER 1 FOR WHAT WAS PRESUMABLY THE LAST MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS UNDER THE FOURTH REPUBLIC.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**FRANCE.** THE COLLAPSED BRIDGE IN THE HERAULT DISTRICT OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WHICH SUFFERED TERRIBLY IN THE RECENT FLOODS.

Between thirty and thirty-six people, many of them motorists, died on October 1 and in the early hours of the following morning when rivers in southern France broke their banks. The worst of the flooding happened in the department of the Gard, of which Nîmes is the capital.



**JAPAN.** A TRUCK CARRYING RESCUE WORKERS MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH A FLOODED STREET IN TOKYO AFTER THE CITY WAS HIT BY TYPHOON "IDA."

This typhoon, one of the biggest in Japanese history, hit that country on the night of September 27. It extended through twenty-two prefectures. Two days later it was reported that the death-roll had risen to 340, with 555 injured and 984 missing.



**FRANCE.** A SUMMER-HOUSE IN GAGNY DESTROYED BY AN EXPLOSION IT SHELTERED A WORKSHOP MAKING BOMBS FOR THE ALGERIAN REBELS.

While making these bombs, North Algerians blew up the house they were occupying at No. 3, Rue de la Fontaine, Gagny, on the evening of September 28. Three of them were killed and two others injured. The fire completely destroyed the house and damaged the neighbouring house.



**WEST GERMANY.** AT FRANKFURT FOLLOWING THE CRASH OF A U.S. AIRCRAFT IN SOVIET TERRITORY: SIX FLAG-DRAPED BODIES OF THE CREW, RETURNED BY THE RUSSIANS. Early in September a U.S. aircraft crashed in Soviet Armenia, and on Sept. 24 the bodies of six of the crew of 17—later transferred to Germany—were handed over by the Russians at the Soviet-Turkish border. No information was given about the other eleven airmen.



**JERUSALEM, ISRAEL.** AT THE OPENING OF THE SAMUEL RUBIN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: MR. RUBIN, AFTER WHOM THE ACADEMY IS NAMED, ADDRESSING THE GATHERING. The President of Israel, Mr. Ben-Zvi, was present when the Samuel Rubin Academy of Music was officially opened on September 25. Mr. Rubin, the American philanthropist, contributed over 300,000 dollars towards the cost of the building.



**AMMAN, JORDAN.** ANNOUNCING THE WITHDRAWAL OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM JORDAN: KING HUSSEIN ADDRESSING THE JORDAN PARLIAMENT ON OCTOBER 1.

In his Speech from the Throne King Hussein announced that British troops would begin their withdrawal from Jordan on October 20. It was later reported that the 3000 troops encamped near Amman would all have left the country by early in November. King Hussein made no reference to the United Nations office to be set up in Amman, of which Mr. Hammarskjöld spoke on September 30.



## CREW COMFORT: H.M.S. *LEOPARD* COMMISSIONED AT PORTSMOUTH.



ALONGSIDE THE JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH: H.M.S. *LEOPARD*, THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT FRIGATE, AWAITING COMMISSION. SHE HAS A COMPANY OF 200.



BESIDE THE RADIO AND FIRE IN THE PETTY OFFICERS' MESS: A RADIO SUPERVISOR RELAXES WITH A CONTENTED SMILE ON A COMFORTABLE FIRESIDE SEAT.



A SHIPWRIGHT OFFICER, THIRD CLASS, TAKING A WASH IN ONE OF THE FINE STAINLESS-STEEL BASINS ABOARD *LEOPARD* AT PORTSMOUTH.



READING IN LEISURE AS HE SHAVES WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR: A TACTICAL COMMUNICATIONS OPERATOR, THIRD CLASS, LOUNGING ON HIS BUNK ABOARD H.M.S. *LEOPARD*.



A CHIEF ENGINEER MECHANIC IN *LEOPARD*'S REMOTE-CONTROL ROOM. THIS ROOM DUPLICATES ALL THE SIGNALS FROM THE BRIDGE, AND IF THE BRIDGE IS PUT OUT OF ACTION, THE CONTROLS TAKE OVER DIRECTION OF THE SHIP.



A MODERN LUXURY ABOARD H.M.S. *LEOPARD*: A MEMBER OF THE CREW HELPS HIMSELF TO A FRUIT DRINK FROM THE AUTOMATIC SOFT-DRINK MACHINE INSTALLED FOR THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

H.M.S. *Leopard*, the Royal Navy's latest anti-aircraft frigate, was commissioned at Portsmouth on September 30. She is to serve on the South Atlantic and South America Station. Launched by the late Princess Marie Louise in 1955, *Leopard* received her name from two centuries of famous naval engagements: the first *Leopard*, a 40-ton frigate, was built in 1634. The new *Leopard* is the third frigate of her class and, like the other two, *Puma* and *Lynx*, is 340 ft. long and has a beam of 40 ft. These three ships are designed primarily for the

protection of convoys against aircraft, but will also serve as small destroyers in offensive operations. They are all welded and their structural arrangements, as well as the comfort they offer their crews, represent a development in modern technique. *Leopard* is equipped with four power-operated 4.5-in. guns in twin turrets and twin 40-mm. guns. The gunnery armament control is similar to that fitted in "Daring" class ships and the gun mountings are the same as those in the "Darings."



# THE CATHEDRAL OF TREBIZOND: A FIRST REPORT ON THE REVEALING OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES OF BYZANTINE WALL PAINTING.

By PROFESSOR D. TALBOT RICE.

In our issue of August 16 we published an article by Professor Talbot Rice on the exhibition of Byzantine Art from many countries which was then opening at Edinburgh. This exhibition has now moved to London and may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum until November 9. On page 611 we reproduce a fine ivory which has been added especially for the London Exhibition. The important work which is now being done at Trebizond (modern Trabzon) under the auspices of the Walker Trust has therefore an additional topical interest.

Walker Trust, sponsored by the British Institute at Ankara, and with a permit from the Director-General of Antiquities for Turkey. The building will be surveyed afresh and studied, and Mrs. Selina Tomlin, Research Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, is now engaged on the work; the paintings are being cleaned by a small team under the direction of Mr. David Winfield, assisted by Mr. Michael Smith and Miss Anne Powell; eventually the building, the interesting sculptures of the porches, and, especially, the paintings, will be dealt with in a full

of interest to readers of *The Illustrated London News* to see some photographs of the building and of the paintings which are now being laid bare by cleaning.

The building is cruciform with a central dome (Fig. 1). There are doors on the north, south and west sides, preceded by elaborately sculptured "porches"; the "porches" probably once formed parts of continuous arcades around the outside of the church. Its interior was originally decorated with paintings which were plastered over when the church was turned into a mosque. They were severely hacked, to facilitate the adhesion of the plaster, and the hacking defaces much of the work to-day; others of the paintings have suffered additional damage through damp. But in spite of this, quite a lot will be disclosed by cleaning. Work has been begun at the east end (Fig. 2), and has disclosed that a large figure of the Virgin enthroned occupies the apse (Fig. 5). On either side is an archangel. On the vault in front of the apse is the Ascension, and on the vertical walls below the vault are two registers of scenes, on the north the Doubting of Thomas above (Fig. 3), and, below, Christ and the Apostles on the Sea of Tiberias (Fig. 4), and a second scene, as yet uncleaned; and on the south Christ blessing the Apostles above and two scenes below, also still obscured by later plaster.

The presence of the Virgin in the apse is normal, and the Ascension frequently occupied portions of the vaulted roofs. The scenes on the walls are, on the other hand, unusual. As yet, however, they have not all been uncovered, and we know too little to permit a study of the arrangement of the decoration of this church. But enough has been disclosed to show that the paintings are of considerable importance as an example of an unusual, perhaps even a unique, system of decoration. Further, they are clearly of real artistic quality. The style shows certain very individual features. But in general it is close to Constantinopolitan work and it is possible that an artist who fled the capital at the time of the Latin conquest had some hand in it. The work is [Continued opposite,



FIG. 1. THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SOPHIA, TREBIZOND, WHOSE PAINTINGS ARE NOW BEING REVEALED, CLEANED AND EXAMINED.

The first church on this site was enlarged and turned into a Cathedral by Manuel I, Emperor of Trebizond from 1238 to 1263. On the left can be seen one of the three "porches," which were probably originally parts of arcades on the north, south and west sides of the building.

It is really thanks to Miss Rose Macaulay that Trebizond is now a generally familiar name. But the city has long been familiar to travellers, most of whom have had something to say of its Byzantine monuments. There are quite a number of these, most of them due to the patronage of the Emperors of the Comnene house, which established itself there early in the thirteenth century and ruled till the Turkish conquest of 1461. They went there as a result of the conquest of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusade in 1204, when the Byzantine Empire was split, the capital going to the Latins, Greece to one member of the old Orthodox imperial lines, Nicæa to another and Trebizond to a third. The Greek principality was subsequently conquered by Nicæa, and it was from Nicæa that an Orthodox Emperor finally returned in 1261 to Constantinople; Trebizond remained independent, the capital of a small but prosperous empire, and main *entrepôt* of trade with the East.

Of the monuments of this age the best preserved and the most imposing is the Church of St. Sophia, which stands on a hill, a mile or so to the west of the town (Fig. 1). It first received serious attention from archaeologists when Gabriel Millet visited the city in 1893. The building was examined in greater detail by Uspenskij during the Russian occupation of Trebizond in the First World War, but his results were never properly published. It was then studied by two other Russians, Alpatov and Brunov, the latter writing on the architecture and the former on the sculptures that adorn the porch-like structures outside the north, south and west doors. Finally in 1936 the paintings that decorate the interior, or rather, the little that could then be seen of them, were described by Millet and the writer of this article in their book, "Byzantine Painting at Trebizond."

The building is now undergoing a new and thorough examination under the auspices of the

publication which will be issued by the Walker Trust under the direction of the writer of this article.

The first church on the site was apparently a small basilica built before the establishment of the Comnene Emperors in 1204. It was enlarged and turned into a Cathedral by Manuel I, Emperor of Trebizond from 1238 till 1263. It was subsequently repaired and altered probably more than once before it finally became a mosque shortly after the Turkish conquest. One series of alterations was probably done by Alexios III (1349-1390), for Texier noted a fresco which apparently depicted him over the west door of the exonarthex. It is hoped that conclusions as to what exactly was done at these various periods will be forthcoming as a result of the present investigations. It will, however, take many months to digest them. In the meantime it may be



FIG. 2. WORK IN PROGRESS IN THE BEMA OR CHOIR AT THE EAST END OF ST. SOPHIA IN TREBIZOND. THE SCAFFOLD WILL BE MOVED WHEN OTHER PORTIONS OF THE CHURCH ARE TACKLED.





FIG. 3. "DOUBTING THOMAS": ONE OF THE PAINTINGS ALREADY PARTLY REVEALED BELOW THE VAULT IN FRONT OF THE APSE. ST. THOMAS IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT PUTTING OUT HIS HAND TO TOUCH CHRIST'S SIDE.

*Continued.*] sophisticated and there are no traces of the influence of that provincial monastic art which is normally encountered in Anatolia and which had its centre in Cappadocia. Elsewhere at Trebizond hints of this style are apparent. It may be that the work of cleaning will produce evidence that will permit us to date the paintings exactly. At the moment it is only possible to speculate. But the *[Continued below, right.*



FIG. 5. AS CLEANING AWAY OF THE PLASTER PROCEEDS, A LARGE FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED BEGINS TO APPEAR IN THE APSE OF THE CHOIR. ON EITHER SIDE THE FIGURE OF AN ARCHANGEL HAS BEEN FOUND.

## UNCOVERING A NEW TREASURY OF BYZANTINE PAINTING: THE CATHEDRAL OF TREBIZOND.



FIG. 4. CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES IN A BOAT ON THE SEA OF TIBERIAS. THIS IS NOW FULLY CLEANED, BUT THE "PECK" MARKS (VISIBLE IN ALL THE PAINTINGS) MADE WHEN THE PAINTING WAS PLASTERED OVER ARE NOT YET FILLED IN.

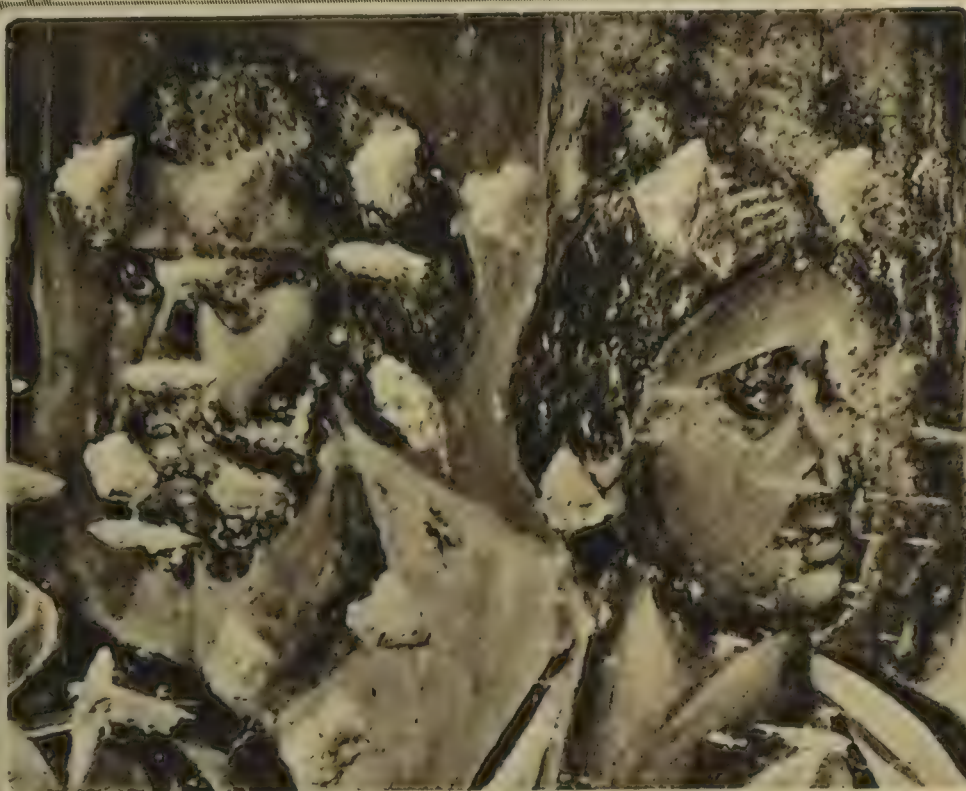


FIG. 6. A DETAIL OF THE "DOUBTING THOMAS" PAINTING (FIG. 3). THE EXPRESSIVE FEATURES ARE CHARACTERISTIC AND THE WAY OF PUTTING IN THE FACIAL HIGHLIGHTS THROWS LIGHT ON THE DATING OF THE WORK TO THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

*Continued.*] somewhat classical figures, the faces, the costumes, the colouring and, above all, the way in which the highlights are put on (Fig. 6), suggest a date in the thirteenth rather than the fourteenth century, and this is supported by a comparison with paintings in Yugoslavia; those at Sopocani, dated to c. 1260, are quite closely similar. Portraits both of Manuel I (1238-63) and Alexios III (1349-90) were once visible in the church, and it would seem likely that paintings were set up under the patronage of both these emperors. The frescoes of the bema are, on stylistic grounds, more likely to belong to the former, and a date around 1250 may be tentatively suggested. So far the work of cleaning has been concentrated on the bema or choir (Fig. 2), but it is hoped eventually to extend it over the whole church. Preliminary soundings suggest that the work will prove to be of different dates. That of the thirteenth century is perhaps most important, for we know so little of this age. But the discovery of a sequence of paintings at Trebizond would be of real importance, not only from the point of view of local history, but also from that of later Byzantine art as a whole.



## AN ENIGMATICAL IRISHMAN.

"JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN—HIS LIFE AND TIMES." By LESLIE HALE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE Irish scene during the latter years of the eighteenth century resembles nothing so much as one of Shakespeare's historical plays. The leading characters strut about the stage, play their parts, and win either esteem or disapproval against a background composed of citizens, soldiers, and peasants who certainly cheer or hiss at regular intervals, but who have no influence whatever on the progress of events. This was the setting of Ascendancy Dublin, while the real



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817): FROM THE PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Ireland, professing to kiss the rod that was laid across its back, was waiting for the day when it could throw off the yoke of the dominant minority.

Such was the world in which Curran lived from 1750 to 1817. His father was a land-agent in County Cork, but even in that aristocratic age the son's brilliance was such that after a memorable career at the Bar he was for some years Master of the Rolls in Dublin. In politics it must be admitted that he never quite enjoyed the pre-eminence which was his in the courts, though he was not far behind Grattan and Flood as an orator. Mr. Hale accounts for the enigma which was Curran in this way:

Throughout his life there were three quite separate and distinct Jack Currans and none of them ever quite grew up: the son of his mother, religious and tolerant, believing in the rights of man and in freedom of faith, thought and speech; "the life and soul of the party," convivial, witty and cheerful; and the son of his father, introspective, morose, melancholy, even morbid. All were men of high integrity.

Not for nothing did Byron call him "Long-bow" Curran when he was in the second of these moods.

The author very skilfully uses Curran's career to illustrate the times in which he lived. Both at College Green and in the Four Courts the great men of the day were quite uninhibited. "The orators of Dublin," wrote Horace Walpole to the Earl of Stratford, "have brought the flowers of Billingsgate to so high perfection that ours comparatively will have no more scent than a dead dandelion. If your Lordship has not seen the speeches of Grattan and Flood, you may perhaps still think that our oyster women can be more abusive than members of Parliament." Curran, too, had the tongue of an adder, and he spared no one when he was on the offensive, but he had the rare merit that although he had risen from the people he never lost touch with them. A Protestant himself, like Parnell and a score of other Irish Nationalist leaders, he shared the feelings of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and he realised that he lived in a society which was largely

artificial; the "Hidden Ireland," as Professor Corkery has termed it, was ever uppermost in his mind. He opposed the Union with England, for he was shrewd enough to see that what the Irish Parliament required was reform, not abolition.

More freedom has always been accorded by the Bench to the Bar in the Irish courts than in the English, but in Curran's day this freedom as often as not degenerated into pure licence:

The assizes in the remote districts of Ireland presented a most exacting school for the advocate. Counsel's instructions were literally brief. A few notes handed to him on arrival must be supplemented by a visit to a packed and insanitary jail to interview, amidst scenes of indescribable debauchery and squalor, a client who might be tried on the morrow and hanged the following day. It is not remarkable that the family and friends of the accused were usually anxious and willing to testify anything required on his behalf, and that the alibi was by far the most popular plea. If this failed, the principal hope was the speech for the defence, and here an astonishing latitude was allowed to Counsel. Virtually no limit of length or of substance was placed upon the speech. The most astonishing digressions were permitted, and the most startling irrelevance passed unchecked. Judges endured with exemplary patience, but not always with strict attention, hyperbole androdomontade, elaborate metaphor and sustained invective, eloquence and fustian, all with equal unconcern.

As the author remarks, "The modern cliché that 'the court is not a theatre' was inappropriate to eighteenth-century Ireland."

Of the Irish courts Curran was one of the most distinguished ornaments, and to no small extent this was due not only to his forensic ability but

that is the man I would make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating."

Then, as now, truth had many facets when presented in an Irish court. In a contested case over a large wine-bill, evidence revealed that the defendant had consumed

twenty-four bottles of claret within the same number of hours. "Did you have any assistance in consuming this claret?", asked a somewhat incredulous Counsel. "I did," replied the defendant, "I had the assistance of a bottle of brandy." A contemporary bailiff's affidavit declared, "The defendant thereupon levelled a gun at me, and threatened to blow me to Hell, which I verily believe he would have done if I had not run for my life."

Curran, however, was no playboy of the courts, and after the rising of 1798 he appeared on behalf of those who were accused of participation in one form or another:

Curran knew the consequences of undertaking their defence. It involved a sacrifice of his slight remaining hopes of judicial preferment, a struggle which would leave him hated and detested by many whose affection he valued, and a physical strain which would take heavy toll of his constitution. He did not hesitate. Now he could see his duty clearly he resolved to address the innate decencies of the Irish people, to struggle to endeavour to dissipate hatred and to restore sanity. Four-score lives were involved. Peace would come only through an effort to restore tolerance and understanding. It could never come by the rope.

Mr. Hale tells the story of Curran's not wholly admirable life very well, and in a manner not likely to provoke controversy, until he reaches Emmet's rising, when he takes a line that will not be to the taste of every reader. In view of the part which his daughter had played Curran was probably well-advised not to undertake Emmet's defence, but the author is surely rather hard on Sarah when he describes her as a "silly, misguided girl" who "had compromised the reputation of her father," and more particularly when he goes on to say that "there is little to show that she ever loved him (i.e., Emmet), or anyone but herself." It would be interesting to know how he reconciles this statement with the scene in James Petrie's studio when Sarah burst into tears before the portrait of Emmet in the dock.

If the major characters in this book are admirably drawn the same is true of the lesser ones. In particular, it is well said of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, that he possessed "an effeminacy of appearance which belied him," and that "he was the unyielding rock against which the waves of Irish progress for years broke into spray." Castlereagh, with his *fidus Achates* Major Sirr, figures prominently in Mr. Hale's narrative, and the English reader will realise why in Ireland Castlereagh is regarded not so much as the great statesman of the Congress of Vienna as the unscrupulous politician who brought about the Act of Union.

In these pages are to be found much sound, if unfamiliar, history and many a good story, but the author is careful never to lose sight of Curran in the account of his environment. So the narrative continues until we reach the morning of October 14, 1817, when the doctor came to the dying Curran's bedside, and remarked that he seemed to be coughing with more difficulty. "That's strange," whispered the patient, "I've been practising all night." It was his last joke; at nine o'clock that evening he died.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 620 of this issue.



THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1790: FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY BARRAUD AND JOHN HAYTER IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM WHITLA.

Illustrations from the book "John Philpot Curran"; reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape.

also to the attraction of his personality. He was neither a handsome, nor a well-dressed man, but he "had a way with him" which could be almost irresistible. In an age of wits he was a very great wit indeed, a man to be mentioned in the same breath with George Canning. A lady unknown to him, who crossed the ferry at Conway in his company, was so enchanted by his conversation that she travelled ninety miles beyond her destination for the pleasure of hearing more of it. Byron wrote of him to Thomas Moore, "I never met his equal. Now were I a woman and eke a virgin

\* "John Philpot Curran—His Life and Times." By Leslie Hale. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.)



# THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—X. RUGBY SCHOOL.



BUILT IN MEMORY OF A GREAT NINETEENTH-CENTURY HEADMASTER: THE TEMPLE SPEECH ROOM AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

The name of Rugby School immediately brings to mind several outstanding chapters in the nineteenth-century development of the English public school: the immensely influential headmastership from 1828 to 1842 of Dr. Thomas Arnold; the publication in 1857 of Thomas Hughes's immortal "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; and, thirdly, the "invention" of Rugby Football in the 1820's. The history of the School, however, starts in the sixteenth century. Rugby was founded in 1567 by Lawrence Sheriff, in a will made shortly before he died. Sheriff, a native of Rugby, was Second Warden of the Grocers' Company, and one of the Gentlemen of the Princess

Elizabeth, whom he is said to have supplied when she was at Hatfield House. His endowment of the School proved a generous one and provided a firm foundation for the developments and growth of the School in the nineteenth century. After Dr. Arnold, one of Rugby's greatest headmasters was Dr. Frederick Temple, who was at the School from 1857 to 1869, and died as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1902. The Temple Speech Room—a memorial to him—was opened by Edward VII in 1909. It was designed by T. G. Jackson, and contains an organ and a full-size cinematograph projector. Round the walls hang portraits of celebrated Old Rugbeians and former Headmasters.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*





WHERE RUGBY FOOTBALL ORIGINATED AND WHERE "TOM BROWN" WENT TO SCHOOL: RUGBY SCHOOL—THE CHAPEL, SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE FROM THE CLOSE.

On the wall of the Headmaster's garden at Rugby—the "Doctor's Wall"—there is a granite slab bearing the following inscription: "This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game. A.D. 1823." This commemorative stone (seen here close to the head of the first boy walking down the path) marks one of the outstanding events that have taken place on the Close, which, with Caldecott's Piece, provides thirty acres

of playing-fields adjoining the School buildings. Between 1920 and 1934 a 360-acre agricultural estate to the south-east of the School was purchased, of which some forty acres are also available as playing-fields. In the Close, with its beautiful elm trees, is the James Memorial Pavilion, commemorating Dr. H. A. James, Headmaster from 1895 to 1910, and opened in 1937 by the late Sir Pelham Warner, who was in the School XI from 1889 to 1892. Other buildings in the Close include the Gymnasium, the Indoor Cricket School, and the Racquets, Fives and Squash Courts. The Chapel adjoins the north-west

corner of the Close, and provides one of the chief landmarks of the School. It is on the site of the first Chapel built in 1820 by Hakewill, and incorporates parts of it. Consecrated in 1872, the present brick-and-stone Chapel was designed by William Butterfield, who was also responsible for a number of other additions to Henry Hakewill's "Tudor Gothic" buildings, erected between 1809 and 1816 to replace the Old Mansion of Rugby (on the site of the present School House) purchased in 1750 to form the nucleus of the School, which had outgrown Lawrence Sheriff's original buildings. After the move of

1750 the School grew rapidly, particularly under the outstanding Headmastership of Dr. Thomas James (1768-1782). The early nineteenth-century rebuilding made practical the further expansion before and during the time of Dr. Arnold. Close to the Chapel is School House—one of Hakewill's buildings and the setting of many of the famous scenes of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." There are ten boarding houses at Rugby to-day, and in all these every boy is provided with a study from the first, though in the earlier years the study is generally shared with one other boy. There is also one day-boy house.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

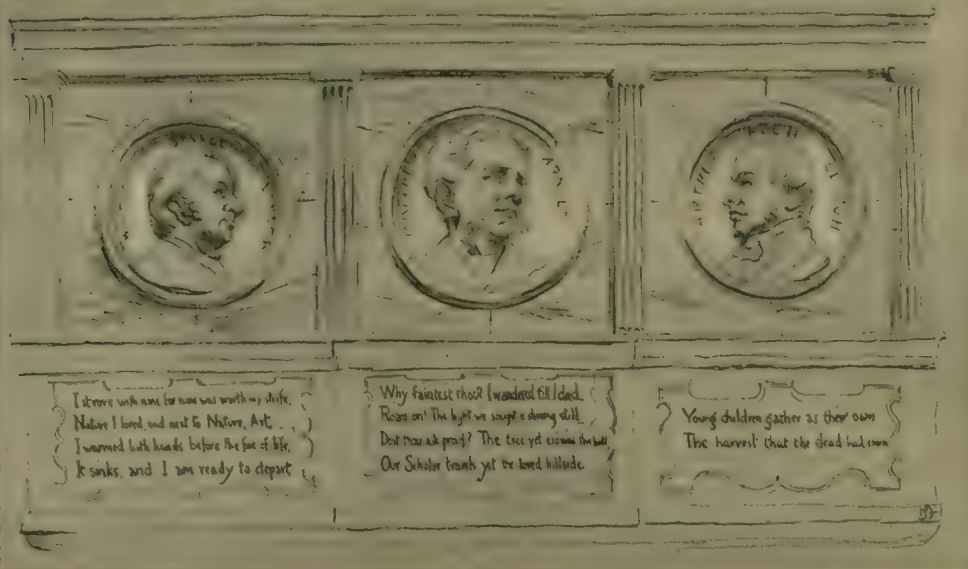




A FOCAL POINT OF LIFE AT RUGBY SCHOOL: THE OLD QUAD—BUILT BETWEEN 1809 AND 1816 TO THE DESIGNS OF HENRY HAKEWILL.



RUGBY'S GREATEST HEADMASTER: DR. THOMAS ARNOLD—THE BUST IN THE TEMPLE SPEECH ROOM.



COMMEMORATING THREE RUGBY POETS—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, MATTHEW ARNOLD, AND ARTHUR CLOUGH: A TABLET IN THE CHAPEL.

FEATURES OF A GREAT MIDLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL: THE OLD QUAD AND THREE MEMORIALS AT RUGBY.



IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE READING ROOM: THE STATUE OF THOMAS HUGHES, CREATOR OF "TOM BROWN."

No school is more closely associated with the notable revival of British Public Schools in the nineteenth century than is Rugby School, in Warwickshire. While the headmastership of Dr. Arnold largely fulfilled the prophecy of Dr. Hawkins, that if appointed "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England," the immortal "Tom Brown's School-days," written by Dr. Arnold's pupil Thomas Hughes, who was at the School from 1834 to 1842, did more than anything else to make the English Public School a "household word" throughout the world. These two great men and many others are commemorated at Rugby by memorials, statues, and portraits in the Chapel, the Temple Speech Room and elsewhere. In its principal buildings Rugby has another constant reminder of its great development in the nineteenth century. The Old Quad, seen in the drawing at the top

of this page, forms a part of the rebuilding undertaken between 1809 and 1816, under the direction of Henry Hakewill. Some fifty years later further buildings were added, to the designs of William Butterfield, whose masterpiece is the Chapel of Keble College, Oxford. Many new buildings have been added since that time, and notable among the most modern are the superbly equipped Sanatorium, built in 1934, and containing an isolation floor and an operating theatre, and the fine open-air swimming bath (built in 1928), in which the water surface measures 200 ft. by 50 ft. The Music Schools were built in 1925, and a large room for ensemble practices and rehearsals was added in 1939. To-day there are some 700 boys at the School, and there are about sixty members of the teaching staff. The Headmaster is Mr. Walter Hamilton, who came to Rugby from Westminster in 1957.

Drawings by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



**R**AIN, steady, remorseless rain, day after day, and week after week. The sort of summer weather that makes lots of awfully funny people keep saying that if this sort of weather goes on much longer we will all be in danger of becoming web-footed. The next fellow who says that to me I shall at once strangle. You have been warned.

One of the most hateful results of this sad summer has been—in my garden—the almost complete failure of the sweet corn. The cobs have been maturing slowly, and very imperfectly, yet somehow and somewhere, judging by what I see



THE COTTAGE PARLOUR PLANT PAR EXCELLENCE: VALLOTA PURPUREA, WITH ITS EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL SCARLET FLOWERS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

in the shops, someone has managed to produce perfect cobs, looking like almost too perfect dentures in rich gold. The few cobs that I have gathered in my garden have all had a distressingly gap-toothed appearance. The only folk who have benefited from this failure have been my small gossip of hens. Living, as they do, under cover on the deep-litter system, they are always mad to get at any green food, and whole maize plants after the cobs have been harvested are their especial delight. They strip and devour every scrap of the leaf, and if I split the thick stems down the middle, they clear out the whole of the sweet, juicy centres.

There is a theory, popular among those who keep hens in confinement—as a matter of fact, a hen's whole active life seems to be one long confinement—that it is important to provide them with plenty of green food of one sort or another. At the same time, physical exercise is said to be important. These things being so, I would offer one or two suggestions. Scatter their corn far and wide in the deep-litter, and then rake it in, so that they will busy themselves for the rest of the day, scratching for it. Never throw their green food, cabbage, lettuce, sweet corn plants, etc., on the ground for them to peck at—and foul. Hang it up at just such a height from the ground that

A LOOK ROUND.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

every scrap they get will entail a little jump. Have you ever seen a hen jumping at a dangling cabbage? It's one of the silliest things in all the hen world. And one of the awkwardest. But it must be awfully beneficial to their whole metabolism—especially the liver. As to their mash, it is easy to make them work for that, too. You will doubtless have observed how greedy, selfish and jealous hens are. If a hen picks up an extra large scrap of food, a crust of bread, shall we say, she immediately dashes off with it, hotly pursued by two or three of her companions. This ridiculous hunt will go on remorselessly, whilst the rest of the family continues with sedate and perfect manners at the trough.

But by taking advantage of this combination of greed, jealousy and stupidity, one can cause the whole family to take a maximum of violent exercise every time that mash is fed to them. The plan is to have two troughs, one at each end of their run. Some of the hens will go to one trough, and some to the other. Gradually, one by one, hens at the first trough will notice that feeding is going on at the second trough. That, of course, is not to be tolerated. Off they sprint to get a share. Meanwhile, one by one, hens who started at trough No. 2 will dash off to trough No. 1. In this way the silly creatures will put in endless journeys, back and forth, yet all will get an equal share.

Out of sheer sympathy for the dull life that my deep-litter hens lead, I constantly find myself giving them little indulgencies in the way of food, and various devices to give them exercise and to keep them amused. I find that one of the greatest treats one can give to a hen is melon seeds, and not only the seeds, but the rind after the flesh has been eaten by humans. Every scrap will be cleared right down to the leathery rind. Vegetable marrow seeds are appreciated just

as keenly. And that reminds me of an incident during the last war which led to the discovery of a new method of capturing pheasants. An astute farmer, near where I was living in Hertfordshire at that time, grew a whole field of pumpkins, which were bought by an American Army quartermaster, to the great joy of the troops, and great profit to the farmer. Normally, of course, pumpkins are grown in this country almost exclusively for Church harvest festival decorations. By some oversight one great pumpkin in that field got overlooked and left behind. It was discovered, however, by an enterprising cock pheasant, who pecked a good-sized hole in its side, and feasted upon the ripe seeds within. One morning my farmer friend came upon the astonishing sight of a great golden pumpkin, with a cock pheasant pressing shoulder-deep into the pumpkin's side, guzzling madly at the seeds within. So intent was the bird upon the feast that my friend just strolled up and "gathered" the pheasant—a silent and, in wartime, a satisfactory crime, a meat meal with no coupons involved.

About a year ago I was given a bulb or two of the Scarborough lily, *Vallota purpurea*, and



"PERFECT COBS, LOOKING LIKE ALMOST TOO PERFECT DENTURES IN RICH GOLD": THE "GOLDEN SUNSHINE" VARIETY OF SWEET CORN.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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I planted them out in a bed in my unheated greenhouse. They have just come into flower and, cut for the house, a single head of the scarlet blossoms is extremely beautiful, with four expanded flowers and two buds on the point of opening. It is an old favourite as a cottage window plant, and is ridiculously easy to grow—in a pot. The bulbs are best left undisturbed for years on end, and seem to flower best when thoroughly well pot-bound and starved, though an occasional watering with weak manure-water is recommended. My chief reason for planting my bulbs out in the greenhouse bed was that I already had far too many pot plants to attend to. I only hope that, although I have given them the exact reverse of pot-bound conditions, they will nevertheless consent to flower as satisfactorily in future as they are doing now.



## AT SCARBOROUGH—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS "SAVED" AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

## NOT BANNED: LEADING PERSONALITIES AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.



INTRODUCING "PLAN FOR PROGRESS"—THE LABOUR PARTY EXECUTIVE'S ECONOMIC STATEMENT: MR. HAROLD WILSON, THE PARTY'S "SHADOW" CHANCELLOR, DRIVES HOME A POINT.



MAKING HIS OPENING ADDRESS TO THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE LABOUR PARTY, AT SCARBOROUGH, ON SEPTEMBER 29: MR. TOM DRIBERG, THE PARTY'S CHAIRMAN.



DURING THE CHAIRMAN'S OPENING ADDRESS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT THE SPA GRAND HALL, SCARBOROUGH.



MAKING HIS OUTSPOKEN ANTI-PUBLIC SCHOOL CONTRIBUTION TO THE EDUCATION DEBATE ON SEPTEMBER 29: MR. FRANK COUSINS (TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION).



MR. SAMUEL WATSON (SECRETARY OF THE DURHAM MINERS' ASSOCIATION) WHO POLLED THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF VOTES IN THE ELECTION FOR THE TRADE UNIONS SECTION OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.



RE-ELECTED—WITH THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF VOTES—TO THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE: MISS MARGARET HERBISON.



ENJOYING A CUP OF COFFEE TOGETHER: MRS. BARBARA CASTLE AND MR. JIM MATTHEWS. HE HAD CRITICISED HER STATEMENTS ABOUT THE TROOPS IN CYPRUS BEFORE THE CONFERENCE.



A SMILE IN THE SUN DURING A BREAK IN THE CONFERENCE: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, WHO HAS ENHANCED HIS POSITION AS PARTY LEADER DURING THE SCARBOROUGH CONFERENCE.

The fifty-seventh annual Labour Party conference opened at Scarborough on September 29 with an address by the Chairman, Mr. Tom Driberg. Then Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the Party's Leader, rose to move an emergency resolution on Quernoy on behalf of the National Executive Committee. He made a forceful speech in support of the resolution, which opened with the words: "This conference, gravely concerned at the highly dangerous situation in the Far East, declares that Great Britain should neither participate in nor support a

war to defend Quernoy." The resolution was carried unanimously, without discussion. There followed one of the more lively debates of this conference—that dealing with the National Executive's policy document on education, entitled "Learning to Live." Here the chief interest lay in the discussion of the future of the public and fee-paying schools, which were roundly attacked by a number of speakers supporting a composite motion repudiating that part of "Learning to Live" which deals with these schools, and demanding, instead,



A HANDSHAKE OF MUTUAL CONGRATULATION: MRS. EIRENE WHITE (LEFT) AND MRS. BESSIE BRADDOCK, WHO WERE BOTH ELECTED TO THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE PARTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



SPEAKING AT AN EVENING MEETING ORGANIZED BY TRIBUNE: MISS JENNIE LEE (MRS. BEVAN), WHO WAS EARLIER RE-ELECTED TO THE EXECUTIVE.



DURING HIS SPEECH ON FOREIGN POLICY ON OCTOBER 2: MR. ANSELM BEVAN, WHO SAT DOWN TO ROUING APPLAUSE AND THE PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS OF MR. GAITSKELL.



MAKING A POINT WHILE SPEAKING IN THE DEBATE ON ECONOMIC POLICY: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, THE PARTY LEADER, WHOSE SPEECH WAS RECEIVED WITH VOCIFEROUS ENTHUSIASM.



A PRIVATE WORD DURING THE CONFERENCE ON SEPTEMBER 30: MISS ALICE BACON LEANING OVER TO LISTEN TO MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS (THE LABOUR PARTY SECRETARY, RIGHT), WHILE MR. GAITSKELL LOOKS ON.

the abolition. The motion was defeated, but only by a fairly narrow majority. The results of the election for the new National Executive Committee were announced on the following day. Dr. Edith Summerskill lost her place, while among the newcomers were Mrs. Bessie Braddock and Mrs. Eirene White. On October 1 the conference debated the Executive's economic statement, "Plan For Progress," Mr. Harold Wilson opened with a sound explanation of the policy, and during the debate Mr. Frank Cousins emphasised that the

unions would not have a policy of wage restraint. Mr. Gaitskell's reply to the debate was enthusiastically received. That evening the National Executive Committee unanimously elected Mrs. Barbara Castle as the Party's new Chairman, and Mr. Ian Mikardo as Vice-Chairman. On the next day the conference eagerly and unanimously endorsed Mr. Bevan's exposition of the Party's foreign policy. A motion calling for the unilateral banning of nuclear weapons was roundly defeated after a powerful speech by Mr. Gaitskell.



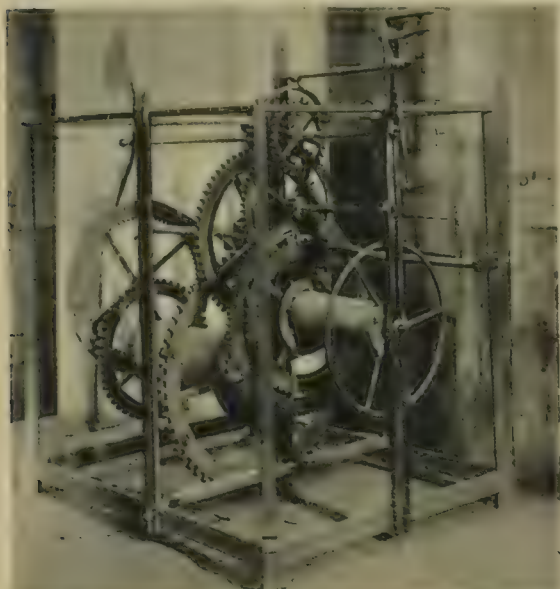
DANCING WITH HER HUSBAND AT SCARBOROUGH: DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, WHO WAS DEFEATED IN THE ELECTION FOR THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.





THIS\* is one of those rare, highly technical books which the layman, whose knowledge of mathematics and physics may be elementary, finds it extremely difficult to put down. The author makes no concessions to ignorance, yet carries the reader along with him even though his more abstruse explanations demand the greatest possible concentration. He ranges far and wide over Europe, demolishes a good many insular prejudices and leaves one marvelling at the brilliance displayed by many great men whose names are scarcely known outside horological circles and who were working within what we are liable to refer to as mediæval darkness. As to the reputation of our own clockmakers, Mr. Lloyd is at pains to point out how much more original George Graham was than his famous uncle by marriage, Thomas Tompion. "While England owes Tompion a great debt for the impetus he gave to clockmaking, the world owes far more to Graham, whose contributions to horology and astronomy tend to be overshadowed by the present advertising value of Tompion's name, beyond which, no one seems able to look. Beautiful and complicated as many of his clocks are, they are to-day just collector's pieces, whereas Graham's inventions continue in use in the highest grade of clocks." I often wonder how much of Tompion's reputation is due to the thumping beat of his name, which sounds just like the strike of a clock; repeat it several times and you begin to imagine that a man with so resounding a set of ding-dong syllables can scarcely be anything but the greatest clockmaker in the world—sheer self-deception.

Going back to the beginnings, Mr. Lloyd takes the view that the early clocks recorded—one at Westminster Palace in 1288, another at Canterbury Cathedral in 1292, for example—may well have been weight-driven clocks, and he is confirmed in this opinion by his study of the important document left by Giovanni de Dondi, of Padua, describing in great detail the famous astronomical clock made by him between 1348 and 1362. He argues that the high degree of perfection attained in such clocks by the middle of the fourteenth century presupposes a considerable experimental



THE OLDEST SURVIVING MECHANICAL CLOCK: SALISBURY CATHEDRAL CLOCK, WHICH DATES FROM 1386—GOING TRAIN. THIS CLOCK WAS IN ACTUAL USE UNTIL 1884.

period, and he suggests that "we are possibly prone to put at too low a level the attainments of horologists of those early days." Apart from other evidence, he draws attention to the first of the three clocks made for Strasburg Cathedral round about 1350. All that remains of this clock is the cock which surmounted it—now in the Strasburg Museum. At noon it opened its beak, thrust out its tongue and crowed. At the same time, it

\* "Some Outstanding Clocks Over Seven Hundred Years, 1250-1950." By H. Alan Lloyd, M.B.E., F.S.A., F.B.H.I. With a colour frontispiece, 173 plates and numerous line drawings. (Leonard Hill (Books) Ltd.: 70s.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### OVER 700 YEARS OF CLOCKS—A REVIEW.

flapped its wings and each individual primary of the wing spread out. Two hundred and twenty years later, in 1570, when the second Strasburg clock was begun by Isaac Habrecht, the cock was found to be in such good condition that it was incorporated in the new design.

I have no doubt that, horologically speaking, the most important chapter in the book is that devoted to Dondi, because in it the translation from the Latin of Dondi's own description of his clock, together with his detailed working drawings, are published for the first time—and these are the



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS RENAISSANCE CLOCKS ILLUSTRATED IN H. ALAN LLOYD'S "SOME OUTSTANDING CLOCKS," WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS: BURGI'S TABLE CLOCK (c. 1590)—A VIEW WITH THE LID OPEN. (Hessisches Landesmuseum, Kassel.)

oldest drawings of a mechanical weight-driven clock which have come down to us. It was considered a marvel in its day, and Mr. Lloyd sums up its inventor's place in history in these words: "Had a similar clock been devised and made to-day, in spite of all the knowledge and machinery that would be available to the maker, he would be regarded as an outstanding man. How much more must we so regard Dondi, working with primitive methods and without any mechanical aids. It is well that after those 600 years we pay homage to him." A century after it was made, it was called "a famous clock, memorable above all things of our time." It remained at Padua until 1556, when the Emperor Charles V abdicated and retired to the convent of St. Yste, in Spain, taking with him the clock, and a clockmaker, Toriani, to look after it. In 1809 the Convent was burnt during the Peninsular War and the clock perished.

As to England, the Salisbury Cathedral clock is the oldest surviving mechanical clock known to the author—it is thought that Bishop Erghum, Bishop of Salisbury from 1375 to 1388, and then translated to Wells, was responsible for both the Salisbury and the Wells clocks; the latter is preserved in the Science Museum.

It was 200 years before any clock appeared which can be compared with Dondi's. This was the Astronomical Clock made by Eberhart Baldewin in 1561 for the Landgraf William IV of Hesse, and the Celestial Globe of 1575 (both lavishly illustrated), and from this point we begin to emerge into the modern world and to tread ground which will be somewhat more familiar to most people; including the exquisite work of Burgi, seen at its finest in his masterpiece, the Vienna Crystal Clock of 1615. The author makes an interesting comparison between the work of the seventeenth-century Burgi and that of our own eighteenth-century Harrison, whose series of four timepieces for "Finding the Longitude" display a somewhat similar evolution of ideas. In this section Tompion is again put in his place as a fine mechanic but no inventor, and it is interesting to note Mr. Lloyd's list of men to whom the world owes a far greater debt: Burgi, Huygens, Clement, Hooke, Graham, Harrison, Mudge, Arnold, and Earnshaw, and—among the moderns—Riefler and Shortt.

The wooden turret clock made for the stables of Brocklesby Park, Lord Yarborough's Lincolnshire

estate, by James Harrison in 1727 and still working well to-day, without oil, is one of the many later illustrations, and this very learned and detailed survey of the past ends appropriately and delightfully with a description of the very beautiful York Minster clock designed as a memorial to airmen who fell in the last war. It is unique in that it records the motions of the celestial bodies as seen by a pilot, and its principal feature is a Sun which reproduces the risings, settings, meridian transits and altitudes and azimuths in general of the true sun (as observed at York) with approximately the accuracy of air-navigation. It is a most imaginative conception, and is fully described in the final pages of the book by Dr. Atkinson, Chief Assistant at the Royal Greenwich Observatory, Herstmonceux, where it was built in the workshops. A too short glossary of technical terms enables the ignorant to scramble over several difficult places.

Apart from numerous diagrams, there are 173 photographs, many of them extremely detailed. Six, for example, are devoted to the marvels of the third Strasburg clock of 1842 by Schwilgué, and two to the famous little flower clock of 1825 by the Viennese clockmaker Mathias Ratzenhofer—one of a series of three, the others being a wheelbarrow full of flowers and a sun-flower clock. The author, while devoting little space to the great French clockmakers Berthoud, Bréguet and Janvier, is at pains to point out that they exercised great influence in Austria and adduces this exquisite little piece, about 8 ins. high, in the form of a vase of flowers as evidence especially of the debt owed to Bréguet. A small musical-box in the base plays at the hours. The hour is indicated by a lady-bird, the minute by a butterfly. Every twelve hours at six o'clock the lady-bird returns to the far-left position and the butterfly is sent back



THE LAST CLOCK DISCUSSED BY MR. ALAN LLOYD: THE YORK MINSTER MEMORIAL CLOCK—UNVEILED IN 1955 AS A MEMORIAL TO AIRMEN WHO FELL IN THE 1939-45 WAR. IT WAS DESIGNED, BY DR. ATKINSON, TO RECORD CELESTIAL MOTIONS AS SEEN BY THE AIRMAN. THE CASE WAS DESIGNED BY SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON, P.P.R.A.

from right to left once an hour. One would imagine that to-day, with electronic timekeeping devices, mechanical clocks would no longer be made: yet the tradition of seven centuries is not so easily destroyed. There is the York clock mentioned above—and Mr. Lloyd records a new clock by Jens Olsen just installed in the Town Hall at Copenhagen which, if reports are correct, includes a perpetual calendar incorporating the movable feasts of the Church. Dondi made the first in 1634, and Schwilgué at Strasburg the second in 1842.



FROM A BYZANTINE IVORY TO A LOWRY TOWNSCAPE:  
WORKS FROM FIVE CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



"THE ARTIST, ALBERT NAMATJIRA": IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE AUSTRALIAN ARTIST, WILLIAM DARGIE. (Lent by the National Gallery of Queensland.) The exhibition, which continues at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street, until October 22, is William Dargie's first one-man show in London. While consisting largely of landscapes—painted in Central Australia—it also contains three portraits, including one of the Queen.



AT THE AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR: A RARE 18TH-CENTURY MAHOGANY PEMBROKE TABLE WITH A MECHANICALLY RISING OVAL TOP WHICH REVEALS A SECRET SECRETAIRE. (Church Street Galleries.)



"THE OLD ACTRESS, 1924": AN EXPRESSIVE WORK BY CHAIM SOUTINE (1894-1944) IN THE MOLTZAU COLLECTION EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 36 by 25 ins.)

Under the title "From Cézanne to Picasso," some hundred works from the collection of the Norwegian shipowner, Mr. Ragnar Moltzau, were shown at the Royal Scottish Academy during the Edinburgh Festival. They include examples by most of the great French artists

(Right.) "FOOTBRIDGE, ANCOATS": IN THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT PAINTINGS BY L. S. LOWRY, A.R.A., AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY.

(Oil on canvas: 18 by 24 ins.) Born in Manchester in 1887, L. S. Lowry has developed a strikingly individual style which finds most of its inspiration in the Northern townscape. In the exhibition of his recent paintings at the Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, which continues until October 25, such townscapes once again predominate, though there are also a number of harbour, seaside and fair-ground scenes painted in a similar spirit. Among the portraits "Mother and Child," in which the figures are starkly set in an empty room, is particularly impressive. This is Mr. Lowry's eighth exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery—the first was in 1939—and again his canvases have brought a remarkable atmosphere of work and life in the North into this essentially London setting.



"CHRIST ENTHRONED": A TENTH OR ELEVENTH-CENTURY IVORY IN THE EXHIBITION OF BYZANTINE ART WHICH IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Height, 4½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.) This wonderful piece is among those added to the Edinburgh Festival Exhibition of Byzantine Art for its showing in London. This outstanding exhibition—arranged by Professor Talbot Rice, who wrote about it in our issue of August 16—is being shown at the V. and A. until Nov. 9.



"PORTRAIT OF MME. VICTOR CHOQUET, 1875," BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). THERE ARE FIVE RENOIRS IN THE MOLTZAU EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas: 29½ by 23½ ins.)

whose work has been seen in the series of Edinburgh Festival one-man exhibitions, as well as by numerous artists who have made further and very varied contributions to modern painting. The Exhibition has now come to London and is at the Tate Gallery until November 2.



MADE BY JOHN HAMILTON OF DUBLIN IN ABOUT 1735: A PAIR OF IRISH SILVER JUGS SHOWN AT THE AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. (Height, 12 ins.) (H. S. Wellby.) The third of London's annual antique fairs—the Autumn Antiques Fair—opened at Chelsea Town Hall on October 8 and continues until the 18th. These silver jugs and the Pembroke table shown on the left are among the great variety of antiques for sale at the Fair, which includes a stand on which no one article costs more than £5.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER," BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). SHE HAD DIED IN 1871, AND THIS WAS PAINTED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN 1893. (Oil on canvas: 16 by 13 ins.)

The Exhibition has now come to London and is at the Tate Gallery until November 2.



## TRAVEL AND FAMOUS MEN: THE NIGERIAN CONFERENCE AND OTHER EVENTS.



A PARTY OF NIGERIANS WAVED FAREWELL WHEN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A NEW WEST AFRICAN AIRLINE, W.A.A.C. (NIGERIA) LTD., LEFT LONDON AIRPORT ON OCTOBER 1 FOR LAGOS.

(Right.)

MR. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, IN LANCASTER HOUSE, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 29, WHEN HE OPENED THE NIGERIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE.

Assurances of an independent Nigeria's continued association with the Commonwealth were given by participants when the Nigeria constitutional conference opened in London. The opening speeches made it clear that all delegations were agreed on the fact that Nigeria should achieve independence by April 2, 1960. Mr. Lennox-Boyd said that the objective of all the participants was the furtherance of the well-being of Nigerians by the creation of those institutions which would ensure to them a future based on freedom, justice and economic prosperity. It was the Sardauna of Sokoto, the Northern Nigerian Premier, who urged that the most important matter before the conference was the fixing of the date April 2, 1960, for independence. Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Western Nigerian Premier, pointed out that any decision of the conference should be binding on Nigerian leaders as well as on the British Government. His party, he said, regarded Nigeria's independence as a means to the end of "freedom and more abundant life for all Nigerians." The robes of the delegates splendidly matched the gilded conference room.



THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BEGINS HIS FIRST TERM: LORD PARKER LEADING THE ANNUAL PROCESSION FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON OCTOBER 1.

On October 1 Lord Parker made his first public appearance as Lord Chief Justice at the ceremonies connected with the opening of the Law Courts for another legal year. After the special service in Westminster Abbey Lord Parker led the procession to the House of Lords for the traditional Lord Chancellor's "Breakfast." Later Lord Parker took the oath of allegiance in the crowded Lord Chief Justice's Court. The ceremony was presided over by the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir.



SHORTLY TO MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE NEW UNION CASTLE LINER *PENDENNIS CASTLE*, BUILT BY HARLAND AND WOLFF LTD., AT BELFAST RECENTLY.

The new Union Castle liner *Pendennis Castle*, launched last December, is due to make her maiden voyage on New Year's Day, 1959, and has been constructed for the weekly mail run from Southampton to South African ports. She will be the largest of the ships on this service, will carry 200 First-Class and 480 Tourist-Class passengers, and also general and refrigerated cargo. She will supersede the *Arundel Castle*, and her gross tonnage is approximately 29,000 tons.



AT A DINNER IN HIS HONOUR AT THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB ON OCTOBER 1: LORD MONTGOMERY (THIRD FROM RIGHT) WITH FORMER 8TH ARMY COLLEAGUES.

Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand, who was Chief of Staff of the 8th Army, was host to Lord Montgomery and other 8th Army colleagues at a dinner held in a private room of the Army and Navy Club. Seen here are (l. to r.): Major J. Henderson, Major-General M. E. Dennis, General Sir George Erskine, General Sir Miles Dempsey, Lord Montgomery, Major-General Sir Miles Graham, and Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Galloway.



## SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



**APPOINTED CHIEF R.E.: GEN. SIR KENNETH CRAWFORD.**  
General Sir Kenneth Noel Crawford, Colonel Commandant, Corps of Royal Engineers, was appointed Chief Royal Engineer on October 1. General Crawford joined the R.E. in 1915 and became Colonel Commandant in 1951. From 1949 to 1953, when he retired, he was Controller of Supplies (munitions), Ministry of Supply.



**THE 335TH MASTER CUTLER: MR. J. HUGH NEILL.**  
Mr. J. Hugh Neill, Deputy Chairman and Joint Managing Director of James Neill and Co. (Sheffield) Ltd., was to be installed as the 335th Master Cutler (Master of the Company of Cutlers of Hallamshire) on October 7. Born in 1921, Mr. Neill is the son, grandson, and great-grandson of former Master Cutlers.



**RECEIVING HER TROPHY AT FORMBY: MRS. ANGELA BONALLACK, THE NEW ENGLISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPION.**  
Mrs. Angela Bonallack (Princes), the twenty-one-year-old Curtis Cup golfer, became the English Women's Champion at Formby on October 3. She defeated Miss B. A. B. Jackson (Handsworth) by three and two in the final.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**A GREAT CHURCHMAN: THE LATE DR. G. K. A. BELL.**  
The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell, who had been Bishop of Chichester from 1929 until early this year, died on October 3, aged seventy-five. Dr. Bell was a leading churchman of international status. Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, he was ordained in 1907. From 1914 to 1929 he was at Canterbury from 1924 as Dean.



**TURKEY'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CYPRUS: MR. BURHAN ISHIN.**  
On September 29 the Turkish Government announced that Mr. Burhan Ishin had been appointed as Turkish representative in Cyprus under the British partnership plan. Since 1956 Mr. Ishin has been Turkish Consul-General in Nicosia, having already served as such from 1951 to 1955. Mr. Ishin is a respected and well-liked figure in Cyprus.



(Left.)  
**IN LONDON ON A PRIVATE VISIT: CHIEFTAINESS 'MANTSEBO SEEISO.**  
Chieftainess 'Mantsebo Seeiso, the Paramount Chief Regent of Basutoland, arrived at Southampton on Oct. 4. She is visiting this country privately, while taking a rest from public duties on medical advice. The heir-apparent, Chief Constantine Bereng Seeiso, is with her in this country.



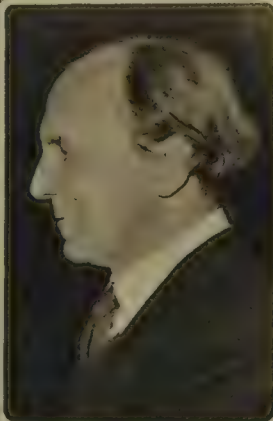
**THE U.S. HONOURS FIVE BRITONS FOR THEIR PART IN RECENT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER DEVELOPMENTS: THE RECIPIENTS AND U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON (R.).**  
At a ceremony at the American Embassy, London, on October 3, five Britons received decorations from the U.S. Ambassador, acting on President Eisenhower's behalf, for their part in the development of three important flying aids—optical glide path indicator system, steam catapult and angled deck—now used on both British and U.S. aircraft-carriers. The recipients are, left to right, Rear Admiral D. Campbell, Commander Hilary Goodhart, Mr. Dennis Lean, Mr. Colin Mitchell and Mr. Lewis Boddington.

(Right.)  
**NEW YORK-LONDON IN 6 HRS. 7 MINS.: CAPTAIN STONEY.**  
Captain T. B. Stoney commanded the Comet 4, G-APDB, which set up a new record of 6 hours 7 minutes (airport to airport time) for a flight between New York and London when, on October 4, with its sister aircraft, G-APDC, it inaugurated the first transatlantic jet airliner service.



(Right.)  
**A MEMBER OF THE FINE ART COMMISSION: SIR JOHN LESLIE MARTIN.**

It was announced on October 1 that the Queen has approved the appointment of Sir John Leslie Martin as a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission. Sir Leslie, who is Professor of Architecture at Cambridge, was architect to London County Council from 1953 to 1956.



(Left.)  
**THE LONDON-NEW YORK COMET FLIGHT: CAPTAIN MILLICHAP.**  
Captain R. E. Millichap commanded the Comet 4, G-APDC, which flew from London to New York on October 4 when the British Overseas Airways Corporation inaugurated the first transatlantic jet airliner service. Owing to headwinds the flight—via Gander—took approximately ten and a half hours.



**HONOURED BY THE I.I.C.: MR. EDWARD WALDO FORBES.**  
For his eighty-fifth birthday Mr. Edward Waldo Forbes, Director-Emeritus of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., was appointed the first honorary Fellow of the International Institute for the Conservation of Museum Objects, which has its H.Q. in London. (Portrait by Arthur Pope, reproduced by courtesy of Harvard University.)



**A LONDON DIPLOMATIC RETIREMENT: MR. R. M. CAMPBELL.**  
Mr. R. M. Campbell, who has been Acting High Commissioner for New Zealand in the United Kingdom since March, retired from that position and from the New Zealand Public Service on September 30. Mr. Campbell had been in the New Zealand Public Service for over forty-four years, of which seventeen have been spent in London.



**A NOTED ADVOCATE OF BIRTH CONTROL DIES: DR. MARIE STOPES.**  
Dr. Marie Stopes, well known for her impassioned advocacy of birth control in marriage, died on Oct. 2. She joined the science staff of Manchester University in 1904, "Married Love" and "Wise Parenthood," the first of her very widely-read books, being published in 1918. She pioneered the movement which led to the setting up of the Family Planning Association.



**A NOTED FIGURE IN PUBLIC LIFE: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GIRLING.**  
Mr. William Girling, who began his working life as a messenger boy and organised a strike at the age of eighteen and who later became Shoreditch's first Labour Mayor, died aged eighty-six on October 1. His wife, who is aged eighty-three, was the first woman Mayor of Shoreditch. Girling was Mayor four times and his wife twice.



**AN ADMIRALTY RETIREMENT: SIR VICTOR SHEPHARD.**  
Sir Victor Shephard, who retired from the post of Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty on September 30, had been in Admiralty service for fifty-one years, having entered the dockyard school at Devonport in 1907. He served with the Grand Fleet from 1915 to 1917 and took part in the Battle of Jutland.





### THE ANCESTRY OF THE DOMESTIC DOG: A FAMILY TREE SHOWING LINES OF DESCENT FROM

The ancestry of the domestic dog is a subject of perennial interest, but our curiosity about it is difficult to satisfy. For some time the customary formula has been to say that the dog has been derived from a wolf-like ancestor, with, perhaps, an admixture from the jackal. Within recent years the theory has been put forward that there are basically two strains of dog, the so-called *lupus* (or wolf) strain and the *aurus* (or jackal) strain, and that members of the two strains can be recognised by certain marked differences in their behaviour. Such theories must remain largely guesswork, and so must any attempts to say when the dog was

first domesticated. Skeletons of dogs have been found in excavations of the sites of early human settlements, but they always show clearly the anatomical characters of "dog." Yet the fact remains that certain breeds of modern dogs will interbreed freely with wolves. If the genealogy of dogs is taken back further in time, then we can reconstruct the kind of family tree shown here. From the earliest type, *Miacis*, of the Eocene, it is possible to derive three lines of descent, represented to-day by three families of carnivores. These are: the bears (*Ursidae*), raccoons (*Procyonidae*) and dogs (*Canidae*). The *Canidae* seem to have come

Drawn by our Special Artist, Meave Parker.



### THE EARLIEST TYPE—MIACIS, OF THE EOCENE—TO PRESENT-DAY ARTIFICIAL VARIATIONS.

down to us through *Hesperocyon*, of the Oligocene, and the living representatives, all "dogs" in the broad sense, include diverse beasts like the wolf, fox and raccoon dog. The diversity in their behaviour is greater even than the diversity of structure. There are also further surprises in this family tree, such, for example, as the Cape hunting dog, which has long been recognised as a distant relative only of the domestic dog, in spite of similarities in appearance. If the picture set forth here is anywhere near the truth, then the wolf and the jackal have had little to do with the emergence of the various breeds of domestic dogs.

F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

That makes it the more remarkable that there should be interbreeding. There is another piquant feature inherent in this family tree: that the diversity in outward appearance of the domesticated dog is, if anything, greater than in the family *Canidae* as a whole. This is the result of man's selective breeding, not only for size, build and other physical features, but also for adaptability towards different forms of training. Yet in spite of this, and even if we admit that different breeds of dogs have been bred out for different personalities and abilities, the fundamental features of their behaviour are still remarkably uniform.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ALMOST thirty years ago I suggested in print that the old legend of the adder swallowing its young should be possible of solution by somebody with a ciné camera. The opportunity came at the end of September this year. My friend Mr. W. G. Kingham, of Effingham, Surrey, has an adder in captivity, and on September 24 this gave birth to eight young, one of which failed to break out of the transparent membrane in which, as is usual, it was contained at the moment of birth. Mr. Kingham very kindly telephoned the news with the result that my daughter went over to his garden complete with cameras, and returned with the cameras and the family of adders complete, on loan to us for purposes of study.

### FAMILY OF ADDERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Schmidt and Inger, in "Living Reptiles of the World," comment: "The return into the mother's body by way of her open mouth is either an embroidered story or actual hallucination. The story is probably world-wide, for it is told in America of garter snakes, rattlesnakes, and numerous other species."

We were out of luck. The cameras were held ready, both still camera and ciné camera. The snakes, both young and old, had every reason to be afraid, for there was constant movement around them, and they were frequently handled—with tongs. It was understandable that the mother should show no fear. Adders, in spite of their evil reputation, are readily tamed and settle down in captivity. We had expected, however, that the young ones might react to interference or disturbance by taking refuge under the mother's body. Our expectations were not realised. For most of the time, the mother remained calmly coiled, her chin resting on the most convenient point on her long body, and the youngsters coiled up calmly either around her or on her. There was no rushing about or any sign of panic at any time. The picture they presented reminded me of

fieldmouse, and even that can often be seen about by day. The majority opinion is therefore in favour of regarding adders as diurnal, with the proviso that if hungry they probably hunt at night also.

At all events, it seemed worth while, now that we had the young adders, to see what they did. If their behaviour is a guide to the behaviour of the species as a whole, then it would seem that the adder is mainly diurnal. The first day I started to observe them, they were active all day long, moving about not very rapidly, but keeping on the move fairly consistently. After night had fallen I visited them in the room that was now their temporary home. All were coiled up and motionless, as if fast asleep. They were contained in a large vivarium with several inches of sand for the floor, some tufts of grass and a few pieces of rock, the whole designed to simulate their natural habitat. Of the seven young adders present, three were under a flat piece of rock, one was under the grass, and the other three on top of the grass or the sand, in full view. All were coiled, the three in full view being coiled more tightly than those under some form of shelter.

I left the light on for some minutes and during this time one of the three in full view uncoiled and crawled about for a while, but settled down again in another spot. There it once more coiled up and remained still. At intervals I visited the adders, leaving the light on for ten to fifteen minutes at a time and watching their actions. There was no more sign of actual moving about, although all, to a varying degree, shifted their bodies without leaving the spot they were on. The general impression I had was that the light had little effect on them, except the slightly



SHOWING THE ELLIPTICAL PUPIL ASSOCIATED WITH NIGHT VISION: A CLOSE-UP OF THE MOTHER ADDER AND ONE OF HER YOUNG. THE YOUNG ADDERS DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON IN HIS ARTICLE PROVED, HOWEVER, TO BE "QUITE CERTAINLY DIURNAL."

So much has been said and written on the subject of the adder swallowing its young that one almost blushes for introducing it once more, but this is necessary if my comments are to have any point. Malcolm Smith, in his "British Amphibians and Reptiles," tells us that the first record of the legend to be published is that by William Harrison, in Holinshed's Chronicle in 1577:

I did see an Adder once myselfe that laie (as I thought) sleeping on a moulehill, out of whose mouth came eleven young adders of twelve or thirteen inches in length apiece, which plaied to and fro in the grass one wyth another, tyll some of them espyed me. So soone therefore as they sawe me they ran againe into the mouth of theyr damme whome I killed, and then founde eache of them shrowded in a distinct celle or pannicle in hyr belly much like unto a soft white jelly.

The number of young varies from six to twenty, the usual number being ten to fourteen. The length of the young adders is about 6 ins., exceptionally 8 ins., but even if we ignore the large size of the young ones recorded by Harrison, there is an obvious contradiction in this account. Supposing the young ones had run again into the mouth of their dam, it is hardly conceivable that they would then be found, on the mother's body being opened, shrouded in a cell or panicle of soft white jelly. In the sixteenth century, such a contradiction may not have been obvious, and in the then state of knowledge acceptance of his story excusable, yet the story persisted into modern times, and towards the end of the last century the argument raged furiously in the scientific journals. Malcolm Smith sums up: "That the young could remain in the gullet of the mother for some time and live is possible. But that they could disappear down their mother's throat in rapid succession, as they are said to do, is quite impossible. Even the swallowing of a small lizard by an adder is a slow process. The disappearance of the young is an optical illusion; they disappear under the belly of their mother. This has been observed to happen on so many occasions in captivity, not only when they have just been born, but also for several days after birth."



"THE PICTURE THEY PRESENTED REMINDED ME OF NOTHING SO MUCH AS A BITCH WITH HER PUPPIES NESTLING AROUND HER": A MOTHER ADDER WITH HER DAY-OLD YOUNGSTERS LYING CALMLY COILED UP TOGETHER.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

nothing so much as a bitch with her puppies nestling around her, with one or two lying across her body, the only difference being that the snakes were more static. Every now and then one or two of them might move and crawl under the mother's body, as described by Malcolm Smith, and others. And when she coiled up for the night several of the youngsters would again crawl under her.

In due course the mother was returned to her owner and the young ones remained with us. This gave the opportunity to keep watch on their movements by day and by night. There seems still to be a doubt whether adders are active by day or by night. One argument in favour of their being nocturnal is that they have the vertically elliptical pupil associated with night vision. Another is that adders are said to gather round a bonfire at night. On the other hand, they feed on field-mice, voles and shrews, frogs and newts, lizards, slugs, worms and insects, and the only one of these that is truly nocturnal is the

disturbing effect that light may have on a person in a heavy sleep. Other than this, if indeed the adders were asleep, in contrast to merely resting, they merely showed the somewhat random movements that any sleeper shows.

In assessing the effect of the light on them, it is of interest to note that there was most movement in the three adders under the piece of rock. This did not bear directly on their bodies, so that it was possible to raise it gently without disturbing them, but it may be that even the very slight sounds or vibrations made in doing this was detected by them.

Leaving aside the details, it is possible to say that the very small amount of movement during the night, whether the vivarium was illuminated or in darkness, is in marked contrast to the incessant movement seen during the hours of daylight. These young adders are, quite certainly, diurnal.



## MEETING THE PEOPLE: THE PRIME MINISTER'S WEST MIDLANDS TOUR.



AT THE ROYAL WOLVERHAMPTON SCHOOL ON OCTOBER 1: MR. MACMILLAN WATCHING A GEOGRAPHY CLASS. HE GAVE THE BOYS DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME OF THE PLACES HE VISITED DURING HIS COMMONWEALTH TOUR.



THE BEGINNING OF HIS "MEET-THE-PEOPLE" TOUR ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 29: MR. MACMILLAN MEETING THE BIRMINGHAM CITY TEAM BEFORE THEIR FLOODLIT MATCH WITH BELLA VISTA, A BRAZILIAN TOURING TEAM.



DURING A CROWDED PROGRAMME ON THE FIRST FULL DAY OF THEIR TOUR: THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY DOROTHY AT A CARPET FACTORY IN KIDDERMINSTER.



AT KIDDERMINSTER CATTLE MARKET ON SEPTEMBER 30: MR. MACMILLAN, LOOKING VERY LIKE A FARMER, AND DISCUSSING MATTERS OF AGRICULTURAL MOMENT.



A CANTEEN LUNCH FOR THE PRIME MINISTER: MR. MACMILLAN BEING SERVED IN THE CANTEEN OF A CHAIN WORKS AT WALSALL.



A SMILE AND A WAVE: MR. MACMILLAN IS CLAPPED BY WORKERS AS HE LEAVES AFTER A TOUR OF A CARPET FACTORY IN KIDDERMINSTER.

Mr. Macmillan, accompanied by Lady Dorothy, started a four-day "meet the people" tour of the West Midlands on September 29, when he watched a floodlit football match at Birmingham. On the following day a crowded programme included a visit to a carpet factory and the cattle market in Kidderminster, a tour of the Royal Worcester porcelain factory at Worcester, and ended in Wolverhampton. On October 1 he visited Walsall and Wellington

and spent the night at Shrewsbury, where he left his hotel to pay a surprise visit to the fortieth anniversary reunion of the 6th Battalion, the K.S.L.I. On October 2 the Prime Minister donned gumboots and watched the ploughing and hedging competitions at Alderbury. That evening, in a lively television interview, Mr. Macmillan said that he had found people in the Midlands "very buoyant" and "in very good heart."



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## RARE AND CURIOUS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AND is old Double dead? Not in Birmingham. As I watched the devoted company, a cast of pluralists, acting two and three parts apiece (one of them five) during the night of Elizabethan Rarities, I knew, yet again, what it means when players can communicate their pleasure. Instinctively, one senses when a cast is bored with a play; the performance is flattened out; the words lack resilience and spring. That happens very seldom in a major repertory company. Everyone, as a rule, is tingling with life. Certainly, in the jubilee season of the British repertory movement, it was a joy to sit in Sir Barry Jackson's theatre and to feel the interplay between stage and auditorium.

The programme was one to be found only in such an adventurous theatre as this. At least, I cannot imagine Shaftesbury Avenue raising a cheer at—let me set it out in full—a triple bill consisting of "A Mery Play Between Johan Johan, the Husbande, Tyb, His Wyfe and Syr Johan, the Preest," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," and "Fratricide Punished." (The label "Elizabethan" can cover them roughly; applied to the drama it goes outside the confines of the reign. Here the period covered was between 1533 and 1608.) Two of the plays had not been staged in modern times—one looks in vain for any kind of professional theatre revival—and the third, "Fratricide Punished," is less familiar on the stage than one might assume from its happy reputation.

At first I felt that, though there was immediate accord between players and audience, the audience was expressing a certain sympathy. The "enterlude," with the ribbon-built title (John Heywood is usually assumed to be the author), is rough-and-ready stuff in couplets that appear sometimes to use the Ogden Nash principles of scansion. It is the old, old tale of timid husband and dragonish wife. The wife has a priest for lover, and the husband, fuming, is relegated to the fireside to "chafe" wax for the mending of a carefully damaged pail, while his wife and the priest share a pie at the board. But the husband gets his way at length after some brisk and elementary farcical bang-about. Simple stuff, and yet I felt one could not be haughty about it. It comes from the day-break of the drama; a child is romping in the dawn. At Birmingham it was acted with a direct gusto, and the audience came gradually to approve of the nonsense for its own sake.

The second play cunningly varied the atmosphere. It was the short episode of "A Yorkshire Tragedy," a crime report from 1608 of a horrible affair three years earlier: a profligate squire's murder of two of his children and the attempted murder of a third and of his wife. It is the most uncomplicated of melodramas with a livid force under the piled anvils of thunder-cloud. Ascription to Shakespeare has always seemed odd, even if his name is on the title-page of the First Quarto and he may have acted in it at the Globe Theatre. There is no trace of his manner. Still, some of the close-knit prose—the verse is negligible—has a fine speakable quality, as in a soliloquy for the profligate Husband. Let me quote:

What is there in three dice to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a round little table, and, with the gentleman's palsy in the hand, shake out his posterity thieves or beggars. 'Tis done! I ha' done't, i' faith: terrible, horrible misery! How well was I left! very well, very well. My lands

showed like a full moon about me, but now the moon's i'th' last quarter, waning, waning. And I am mad to think that moon was mine; mine and my fathers' and my forefathers'—generations, generations: down goes the house of us, down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar, begs in me! That name, which hundreds of years has made this shire famous, in me and my posterity runs out...

Paul Williamson, who acted the Husband at Birmingham, did not mitigate the part. It called for frenzy ("Tears his hair" is one stage note) and the actor supplied it, while Bernard Hepton—the director of the programme—did his part with sinister "mood" lighting. The costumes were Stuart and decorative. Certainly, by letting me see "A Yorkshire Tragedy" Sir Barry has fulfilled (I speak for myself) what used to be called a Long Felt Want. It may be too much to hope that he will supply addicts of the Shakespeare Apocrypha with performances

Horniman tribute—and, on the whole, I ought not to be surprised.

Back to the triple bill. The Birmingham audience liked "Fratricide Punished" best, but, then, anyone would. When in 1924 William Poel brought out, at Oxford, the English version of a German translation of the original English, he did not appreciate fully the unholy joy it would give to admirers of "Hamlet." The piece is sheer improvisation, strung together by English strollers in Germany at the end of Elizabeth's reign. They had not a Hamlet play in their repertory, but since everybody was talking of it they gave what was asked of them. From memory they produced a script that more or less followed the plan of "Hamlet" (Kyd's play or the First Quarto), but that was overwhelmingly and unconsciously comic in its short cuts, its nonchalance, and its bathos. In "Fratricide Punished" the plot's the thing. It is our own fault if—at this remove—we collapse cheerfully at such remarks as the Sentinel's "O, sir, there's a ghost here which appears every quarter of an hour," or Hamlet's "O just heaven, praise be to thee for ever for this angelic idea!" after he has arranged neatly, by ducking at the right time, for a pair of Bandits to shoot each other. (This scene might have delighted Shakespeare. One remembers the Bastard's delighted "From north to south, Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.")

The whole of "Fratricide Punished" is a wild theatrical entertainment down to the "warm beer" of the last scene and the King's ultimate "I deserve my evil reward." For myself, at this stage of the Birmingham proceedings, I could have wished the King to behave like the "super" to whom old John Coleman once gave this order in his most grandiloquent style: "My dear sir, when you ascend the raking piece and leave the stage, be good enough to emit a greasy laugh of truculent defiance."

The Repertory cast, especially Mark Kingston, John Carlin, and Marigold Sharman, had a brisk hour with the play, and the audience emitted enough laughs to have been heard in Elsinore or Wittenberg. Certainly a night of rare and curious pleasure, one to confirm our faith in the British repertory movement. This might well take its motto from the Drinkwater lines (spoken by Barry Jackson in Birmingham on a spring evening in 1913): "Here shall the player work as work he may, Yet shall he work in service of the play."

I have written already of the West End's two new major plays, T. S. Eliot's "The Elder Statesman" (Cambridge) and Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (Globe), each of which has come down from the Edinburgh Festival. The first of these depends still upon its moving third act of confession and expiation, and upon Paul Rogers's performance as the man who goes out to death as Oedipus went to the sacred grove

Where wandering knows rest,  
The singing and the gold,  
The comfort of the lost  
(Before the end be told).

The general quality of the performance had much improved since Edinburgh: thus we met again the true William Squire. As for the battering of "Long Day's Journey" I must hope that all who care for acting, and who can face this growling tiger of an autobiographical drama, will observe Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the drifting drug-addict of a mother: her last scene, in which she wanders on, a ghost from her own past, is infinitely touching.

The Düsseldorf Schauspielhaus company will have left us by the time this appears, but I can salute the memory of Heidemarie Hatheyer as Maria Stuart, and Maria Wimmer as Elizabeth, in Schiller's original text of "Mary Stuart": it has been a rare and curious thing to have two productions of the romantic drama in London at the same time. I must not be thought lacking in courtesy to our visitors if I still prefer the warmer, more animated production at the Old Vic.



A SCENE FROM "FRATRICIDE PUNISHED," ONE OF THE THREE ELIZABETHAN RARITIES, PERFORMED BY THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY COMPANY, WHICH OPENED AT BIRMINGHAM ON SEPTEMBER 30.

In this scene from "Fratricide Punished," a play based on Hamlet and described by Mr. Trewin as "sheer improvisation, strung together by English strollers in Germany at the end of Elizabeth's reign," Hamlet (Mark Kingston) holds the sword with which he has wounded Leonhardus (Ian Richardson), as the King (John Carlin), left, Phantasma (Thelma Barlow) and Horatio (Nevil Jason), right, look on.



HAMLET, LEFT, HORATIO AND PHANTASMO IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "FRATRICIDE PUNISHED" AT BIRMINGHAM.

Photographs by courtesy of "The Birmingham Post."

of "The Birth of Merlin," "Fair Em," and "Mucedorus." I am interested particularly in "Fair Em." Here Birmingham could make a graceful gesture to Manchester, for an early scene is set, surprisingly, in the interior of a Manchester flour mill during the reign of William the Conqueror:

Sir Thomas Goddard now old Goddard is,  
Goddard the miller of fair Manchester.

Nobody appears to have thought of this as a

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SHADOW OF HEROES" (Piccadilly).—Peggy Ashcroft, Emlyn Williams, and Mogens Wieth in a play by Robert Ardrey. (October 7.)

"JULIUS CÆSAR" (Old Vic).—Douglas Seale's production is the first Shakespeare revival of the new season. (October 8.)

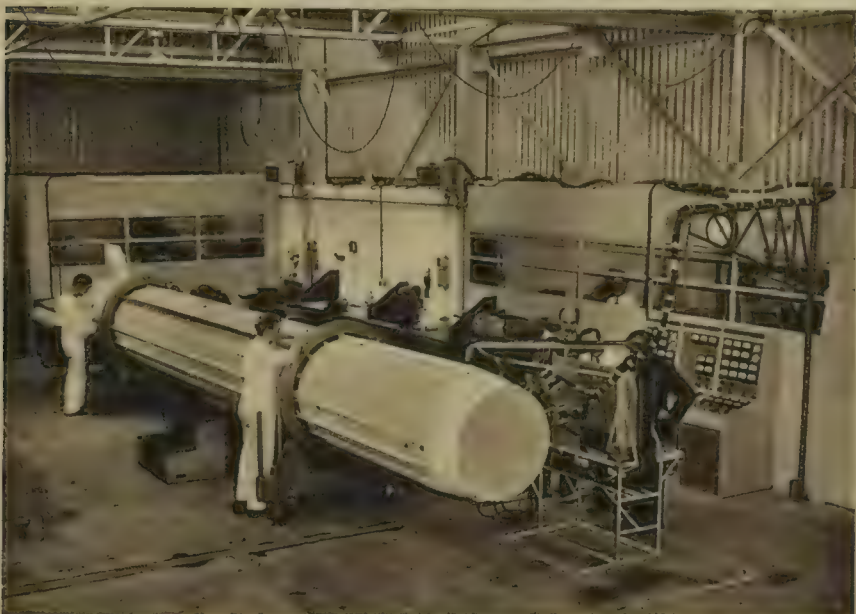
INTERNATIONAL BALLET (Sadler's Wells).—The first of the programmes from Edinburgh. (October 9.)



## FROM A FRIGATE TO A BUBBLE CAR: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



A LIVERPOOL HANDING-OVER CEREMONY: THE BRITISH ENSIGN BEING LOWERED AND THE GERMAN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FLAG RAISED AT THE STERN OF *OAKLEY*. The frigate *Oakley*—a 1050-ton former British "Hunt" class destroyer bought from the Royal Navy last November—was accepted by the German Federal Navy at Langton branch dock, Liverpool, on October 2. *Oakley* is the first of seven frigates bought from Britain, and becomes the new West German Navy's largest vessel.



SOON TO BE SENT TO AUSTRALIA: THE SECOND *BLACK KNIGHT* ROCKET—HERE SEEN UNDERGOING TESTS IN THE PREPARATION ROOM AT HIGH DOWN, I.O.W.



AT THE WAR OFFICE ON SEPTEMBER 29: THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF, GENERAL SIR FRANCIS FESTING (RIGHT), WITH SENIOR MILITARY ATTACHES. General Sir Francis Festing took up his appointment as C.I.G.S. on September 29, and among his engagements that day was a meeting with senior foreign military attachés in London. Seen here (l. to r.) are: Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Hollertt (Netherlands), Colonel W. V. Gavrilovici (Rumania, and Doyen of the Corps of Military Attachés), Colonel G. Gemme (Italy), Lieut.-Colonel N. I. Krivlev (Bulgaria), Brigadier General M. Amini (Iran), Colonel Sadiq Haj-Ali (Iraq), and the C.I.G.S.



RECENTLY USED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE NEWLY-BUILT MARKET ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GLOUCESTER WHICH WAS BROUGHT INTO USE ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL "BARTON" SHEEP FAIR, WHEN NEARLY 4000 SHEEP WERE AUCTIONED.



WHERE *BLACK KNIGHT* WAS FIRST TESTED: THE SAUNDERS-ROE HIGH DOWN ROCKET TEST SITE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WITH THE NEEDLES IN THE BACKGROUND.

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AN R.A.C. EXPERIMENT: PATROLMAN A. ISHERWOOD STEPPING OUT OF HIS *ISETTA* BUBBLE CAR WHICH HE WILL BE TRYING OUT IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON. IF THIS ONE PROVES SUCCESSFUL, MORE BUBBLE CARS MAY BE BROUGHT IN TO REPLACE THE NORMAL R.A.C. PATROLMAN'S MOTOR-CYCLE COMBINATION.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is to be hoped that if the real, original "War and Peace" suddenly came out, one wouldn't sit blandly down to review it. And with "Doctor Zhivago," by Boris Pasternak (Collins-Harvill; 21s.), which has (inevitably) been compared to "War and Peace," there is even more ground for diffidence. At least we can take "War and Peace" as it comes; we have no stake in the campaign of 1812, no disturbing interest in what Tolstoy is going to prove. Whereas "the whole experience of Russia in the last fifty years" has to be a document, a political revelation. Telling on which side?

Let me say at once that we are bound to feel "Doctor Zhivago" is on "our" side. Just because it is not a document. That is the staggering thing about the gulf dividing it from any past "novel of the Thaw." Those, for all the to-do over them, were essentially the same again; they were about good and bad citizens. This is about human souls; or one human soul. It is a "sincere" book and nothing else; the author is concerned only to feel what he feels, think what he thinks, write as an individual in the universe. And he has been able to do it, as though external pressures didn't exist. As though it all happened in 1812.

The theme is identical with the achievement; it is the life-story of a man who persists in living as an individual in the universe. Though the tale itself may not be autobiographical—we are told not—Yury Zhivago must be in the image of his creator. He is a kind of Chekhov: doctor by profession, writer by instinct, and, as it were, fated to be free. Clichés just don't bite on him. So he is not for the Revolution. He has looked forward to it; he salutes the wonder and promise of its dawn with release and rapture—but even then with vision: a flood is coming, and a world's end. . . . Presently he is swept away, submerged in events, parted from his family, and carried hither and yon with no more purpose than a leaf in the wind. He never gets anywhere; finally he abandons the struggle and dies young. In one sense, therefore, an easy victim. And yet, when all the friends of his boyhood have surrendered to cliché and been rubbed out, Yury's nature is intact. And it may be right that this apocalyptic story with its vast landscape, its throng of characters at first, its crowds of figures all through, should gradually fill up with one person—two, if you include his soul-mate. For it is nothing like "War and Peace." It is a poet's novel: an enormous dramatic lyric.

## OTHER FICTION.

"A Week in the Country," by Ernest Gébler (Hutchinson; 16s.), is so masculine and vigorous that I should have wound up with a better idea what it was getting at. However. Eddie, the narrator, is the youngest of three Robertson brothers. As children they had an alcoholic father and a bad time, but it was worst for Eddie—crippled by drunken driving. When Mark and Carl went off to America, he had to stay put. Then he had another bad time in London, which might have ended in suicide but for Kate's idea that he should go back and reclaim the farm. Now, with an immense effort, he has done it. Toothy, devoted Kate is dead; but he has three daughters, and a mistress who won't quite marry him. Because she chafes for the "world"; she is in great excitement at the coming of his two "worldly" brothers. Especially as they are estranged; Carl is a fanatical Communist and regards his elder as a Judas. . . .

Well, they arrive. There is a week of confused grudges and upheaval, rough talk and—literally—rude eloquence: and somehow the plain man comes off best. "Adult," certainly; but rather like a first shot at a book which might have been powerful.

"North of Market," by Arthur Foff (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.), is again, in its small way, a poetic novel—about "love and the city," which is San Francisco.

Cory, the big journalist, has been drawn there by hope of "a silken woman turning a night corner," and in Jane he finds her. Only his fresh, pretty Jane is "beat." She has to destroy herself; and though his love and patience are inexhaustible, they do her no good. The city looms, up as an extension of their amour—the visionary cock-eyed setting of a bad dream with sparks of gaiety. For in this tale, despair is a firefly. Rather baffling and suspect till you get the feel of it—and then charm takes over.

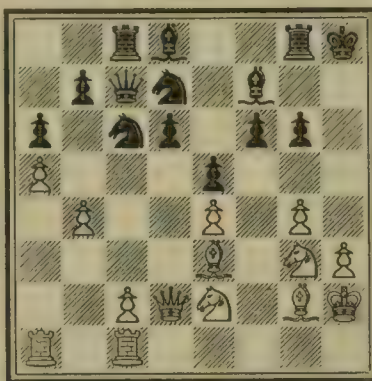
"The Savage," by Noel Chad (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is about a hired thug in the pay of a "murder syndicate." John Tree's favourite weapon is the garotte, and his present score is fifteen—one way or another. However, it is all right really; he is just an Indian playing at braves, and has a heart of gold. So he is shocked to learn that the new assignment is a woman, and horrified when she turns out to have a little boy—dumb, at that. So horrified that he can't merely pass the buck; he has to try and save her from his replacements, with the almost-certainty that it will be the last thing he does. That he will be ditched by Frank, his cultured, paternal boss, and despatched as an "unreliable." . . . Very nasty; very taut and exciting. One hates to think so, when the groundwork is such unpleasant rubbish; but so it is.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

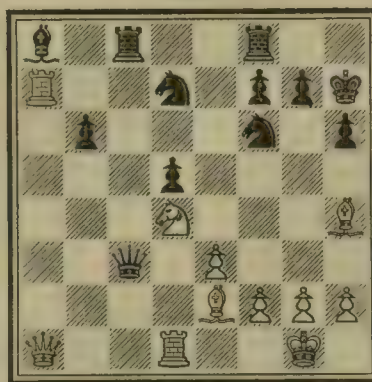
WHITE was to move in each of these positions. In each of the first two, he moved and Black resigned. In the third, Black made only two moves before capitulating. Can you find the play?

Black.



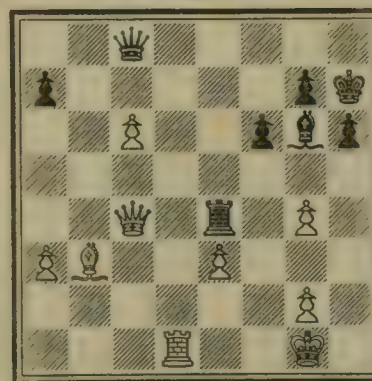
White.

Black.



White.

Black.



White.

The play: First diagram (Benkö v. Fuster, Interzonal Tournament at Portoroz, 1958): 1. B-Kt6 (threatens simultaneously Black's queen, and mate).

Second diagram (Petroshian v. Matanovic, same event): 1. RxB, winning a piece; 1. . . . RxB? 2. QxQ or 1. . . . QxQ; 2. R(R8)xQ.

Third diagram (Spassky v. Ghitescu, U.S.S.R. v. Rumania match, 1958): 1. Q-Kt8ch, QxQ; 2. BxQch, KxB; 3. P-B7, for if 3. . . . R-QB5; 4. R-Q8ch and 5. P-B8(Q) wins.

## FROM CHILDHOOD AND THE SEA TO SAINTS AND SORCERERS.

TOO much modern literature—whether fiction, biography, or even autobiography—is over-seasoned with the more highly-flavoured passions. This tends to spoil the reader's palate. It is not easy to appreciate the charm of a gentle and enchanting book—for gentle and enchanting books still, somehow, get written—if you have fought your way through too many sewers. A constant diet of raw potheen will dull your ability to enjoy Frascati or the more delicate wines of Bordeaux. An excellent test is provided by "A New England Childhood," by Nancy Hale (Gollancz; 16s.). If you find this book insipid, you should give your literary digestion some rigorous treatment, on the lines of those cures which allow the patient nothing but orange-juice for three weeks. For Miss Hale's reminiscences are really enchanting. She is one of those rare people who can see both childhood and adolescence without distortion. I would have called the book "gentle" as well—and, indeed, there is much gentleness in it—but Miss Hale is by no means compounded of milk-and-water. "I was shy as a child," she writes, "and I believed in my shyness; that is to say, it never occurred to me that our town was not really inhabited exclusively by stern, haughty people—ladies with heads held erect on scrawny necks, gentlemen who guffawed at one's timid remarks, children whose joy it was by work and bullying deed to make one feel even more of a worm than one did already." That is a wholly accurate and brilliantly presented observation. It is typical of the apparent simplicity of Miss Hale's writing, which so often holds a great deal more than the reader expects. She has, too, the power of recalling the trivialities which become the powerful symbols of childhood, such as "a tin pail painted with nursery or circus figures and, accompanying it, a small tin shovel painted bright shiny red." Then there was the ring. It was of real gold, set with turquoises, and it had belonged to an empress. But Nancy was wearing it one day when she was playing on the beach, and she lost it.

It was in the sand pile somewhere, and the sand pile was not more than ten feet wide, even in its disintegrated condition. It had to be there. I looked and looked—that day and other days, too—with a hollow, painful feeling inside me because I had lost my precious possession. At some point, I must have given up.

But I never completely gave up, because years later, in my teens, I would suddenly remember my ring, the one I had lost, and would go out to the sand pile, by now almost obliterated but still a definite area for me, and dig and dig. It had to be there. I never found it, but it was there just the same, somewhere in the mingled sand and dirt, within a definite space about ten feet square.

This is, to me, an exquisite passage, and the book contains many others to match it. But it also contains a whole series of delightful anecdotes, from Nancy's answer to the person who asked her in an indulgent voice what she was going to learn at school ("I'm going to learn sweeping and French"), to the unfortunate moment when May Welch drank half a bottle of gin and passed out. Nancy's first real boy friend was called Dave Page, and he held her hand in the cinema. I must not yield to the temptation to tell you more about him, or about the black velvet dress Nancy wore to make herself look like Greta Garbo. If you do not buy this book and read about them for yourselves, you will be missing a rare pleasure.

Excellent, too, in a quite different genre, is Mr. John Steinbeck's "The Log from the Sea of Cortez" (Heinemann; 18s.). I am among those who can take any amount of John Steinbeck, and although I cannot claim to be very much interested in the marine creatures which he and Ed Ricketts set out to catch in the Gulf of California, for purposes of biological research, I cruised along very happily with this unusual crew. But it is Ed Ricketts who provides the point. The book begins with a long, detached chapter, "About Ed Ricketts," which is of a much finer quality than the account of the cruise itself. "Detached" refers only to the chapter's place in the structure of the book, for if ever a portrait was lovingly painted, it is this one. Someone said of Ed Ricketts that he was "half-Christ and half-goat." He was a biologist, an eccentric, and a great lover of women. "He

could receive and understand and be truly glad, not competitively glad." Mr. Steinbeck is a fluent author, but he stumbles and falters slightly with the authentic accents of deep affection and sorrow at an irreparable loss.

The world is, I suppose, full of unsung heroes of one kind and another, and I am glad that Mr. T. R. Nicholson, in "The Trail Blazers" (Cassell; 21s.), has rescued one group from oblivion. They are the pioneers of long-distance motoring, such as Dr. Lehwess, who tried to go round the world in 1902, and Captain Kelsey, who set out from the Cape to try and reach Cairo in 1913.

Miss Nina Epton has all the right ingredients for the writer of travel books: curiosity, sympathy, scholarship and stamina. Her "Saints and Sorcerers" (Cassell; 21s.) deals with the folklore and traditional customs of Morocco, and contains not a single dull page.

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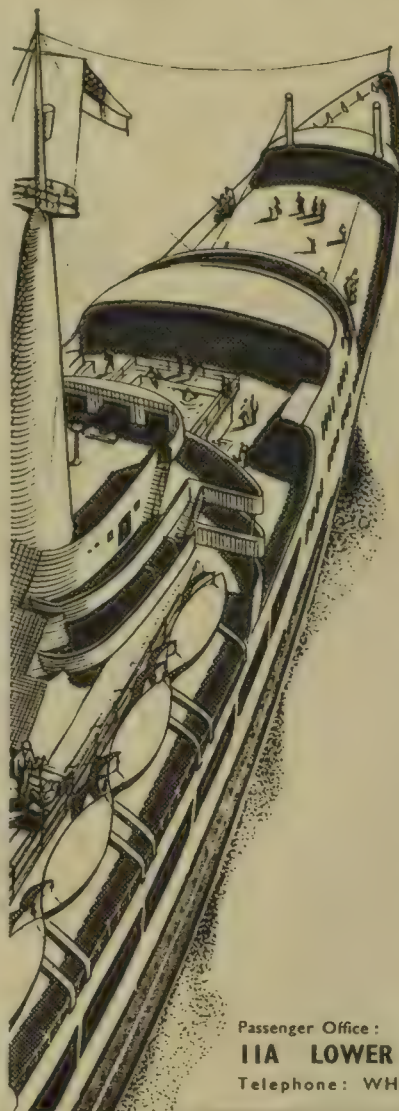


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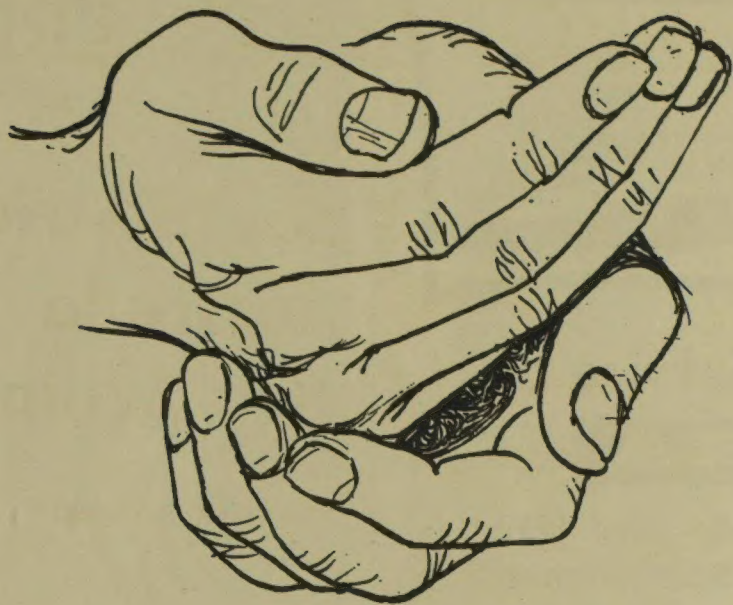
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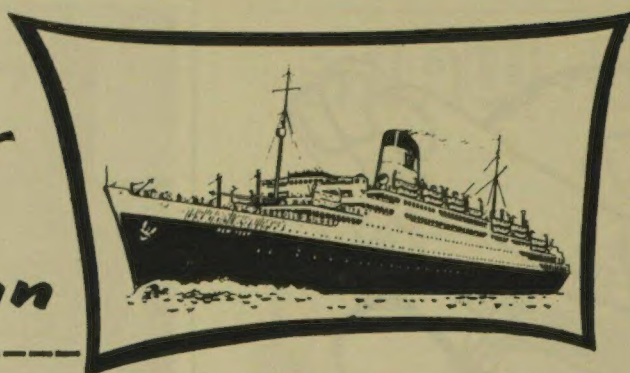
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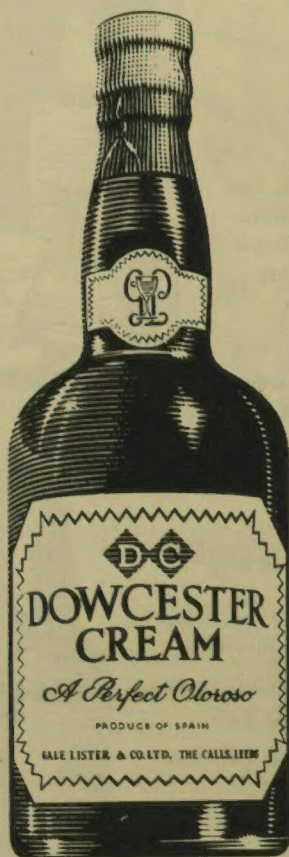
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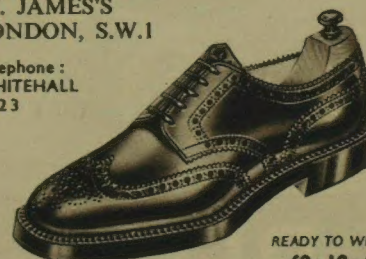
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